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AT HOME IN PARIS

At Peace and at War.

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BY

BLANCHARD JERROLD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILDREN OF LUTETIA," "THE GAVROCHE PARTY," ETC.

VOL. II.

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LONDON:
WM. H. ALLEN & Co., 13, WATERLOO PLACE,
PALL MALL, S.W.
1871.

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London . W. H. Allen & Co., Printers, 13, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W

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NOTE.

THE First Volume, or "Paris in Peace," is a reprint, with additions, of "At Home in Paris," which has been out of print for years, and a Second Edition of which has been called for. The Second Volume, or "Paris in War," consists mostly of unpublished experiences and commentaries made during the War, the end of which appears on the horizon at the moment of going to press.

February 1, 1871.

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AT HOME IN PARIS.

BOOK II.

AT WAR.

CHAPTER I.

MR. O'HOYLE'S VIEWS.

"YOU have been in search of a perfect correspondent for some time you tell me, Mr. Editor," Mr. Septimus O'Hoyle writes, in reply, to the directing head of a popular newspaper, "and, I think, with yourself, that at length fortune has favoured you, and that you have caught the rare bird in your subscriber. You want exclusive news. You shall, through me, learn where every *dame d'honneur* buys her paint. I am not to be deterred from the rigorous performance of my duty by fas-

tidious ideas about the sanctity of private life —that is, the private life of great people. The domestic concerns of the obscure I know you hold to be sacred. Truth is great and may prevail; but invention is amusing, and helps to keep the world awake—which is something. The art of literary embroidery for press uses has progressed apace within my memory. Time was, when a great man gave a ball, and a creature with a note-book was admitted to the servants' hall, to make a list of the Quality for the Quality's organ—time was, I say, when the fact was plainly recorded. Her grace had an assembly. Among the distinguished company we remarked—but you remember. The lady's maid was satisfied. But that was before the press had communicated a taste for fashionable news among the masses. The flavour has been intensified as the taste has spread. The dainty meat which is grateful to the Epicurean palate is tasteless in the maw of the vulgar. And so—the political economist tells us it must be so—the supply has followed the demand. The dish

has been spiced. The reporter has tripped out of the servants' hall to the drawing-room landing; and if there be one ounce of truth in press correspondence, he reads his morning paper with his slippered feet dangling in the boudoir—often of a duchess:—at least, he says so.

"Some men achieve success: others are born to it: others have greatness thrust upon them; and others are gifted by nature with an indestructible idea that they are great. Was it not D'Alembert (you, my dear Mr. Editor, know every thing) who remarked that there are two ways of reaching the apex of a pyramid? The lizard and the eagle meet on the windy eminence. I happen to find wings included in my inheritance; and I am specially fortunate in this, that my star has quickened me in days which give a positive commercial value to birth, and put money in the purse of the man who has access to good society, and will sell his observations.

"Spurious men of fashion drive broughams with their quills; and the good, trusting public

believe that the Prince Metternich did hand an ice last evening to the correspondent who contributes to their paper. Somers Town revels in a daily familiarity with St. Cloud, Pierrefonds, and Dampierre. The suburban greengrocer may nod over his pipe in the evening, and dream that he is tickling the carp at Fontainebleau, or recommending the sweet Eugenie (who has laid me under infinite obligations by her thousand *gracieusetés*) to put on a thicker cloak in the night air. He is brought to think no more of the Princess Mathilde than of his neighbour, the butcher's wife. He feels in the position of a man who may ask a marshal of France for a light. He confronts a red herring ere he girds himself with his work apron : but his imagination has been sniffing along the buffets of the Princess Matilda. He has been wrangling with his wife about her extravagance in buying another cotton gown, seeing how bad the times are, how potatoes are likely to be worth their weight in coppers, while carrots are looking down ; he, who has been surveying the petti-

coats of the Vicomtesse Aguado, and criticising the charms of a Pourtalès! He believes that he is becoming part of the splendour to which he is daily summoned, as completely as the crafty and spurious fashionable chronicler appears to imagine he is of the company in which he finds himself. It must be a great comfort to the poor man: for half the pangs of impecuniosity, I am credibly informed, lies in the imagination.

"I and you know how the matter stands. I am not sure that if I were the proprietor of a daily paper, I should not be proud to hear that my own correspondent had been taken by the ear (he is so like his uncle) by Prince Napoleon; and that when the cream of the cream made up a party to dine at the Café Anglais, the bewitching Duchess X— whispered in his ear, in tones soft as the summer wind sighs through the harp at her open window, 'Without *you* the party would be a failure!'

"It is your good fortune, I repeat it, Mr. Editor, to have found a correspondent who

while he will be as much your own correspondent as your glove is yours; will be really *of* the *monde* he describes. He comes to you, like Chevet's spring *fraises*, packed in *real* strawberry-leaves. His taste will commend his veracity. He flatters himself that you will be charmed with his affability, and not revolted by his pretensions. He writes for his own class; but so instructive is the modesty with which he discourses of the great men and great things of the earth, that all must read him. I will not say that I pretend to be all that is comprehended in this ideal; but I may be permitted to observe that if I'm not the rose, I have lived beside it. I have my notions of the perfect correspondent; and I think, in short, you—whose taste is so fine, and position in the world so completely apart from your money—will approve them."

Mr. Septimus O'Hoyle went bravely to work—quite unmoved by the whispers that followed him. Serene, when shoulders were shrugged; splendid in fine linen: dainty and confident with the ribbons—he put himself

upon platforms whence he might paint the glories of the Court, and the affabilities of which he was the object. Was Mr. Editor pleased with his "own"? In every quarter he spread the records of his mighty satisfaction. His was the organ of the most glittering society of Europe. The most aromatic of the truffles of the imperial buffets were reserved for the tooth of his correspondent. Mighty was Cæsar, and glorious above all living men; and his "own correspondent" was Cæsar's prophet.

Under a rain of blood: betrayed, deserted, reviled by the men whom he had lifted to places of honour and wealth; sick, and spent with work that would try the energies of a score of men—Cæsar fell.

Then did Mr. Septimus O'Hoyle take his pen, and addressing his editor, write:—

"Cæsar indeed! Is it not strange that the world has been so long deluded by him? A most ordinary man I assure you; whose parvenu pomp was always, as you know, highly distasteful to me. The people have spoken

at last! You are generous. Give him a few words of advice, as you well know how: and beg him to slide out of the world's eye for ever. He is sick: this is some excuse for him. I don't think he will live long. But enough. He has made a fiasco. If he didn't turn tail, they say he did, and this is as bad. If he didn't sell the country, you can't make the world believe that a little of the price is not in his pocket. All the people about him were bad: bad, Sir, to the core; and—we can't support them.

"You will be glad to hear that I am on good terms with the new government; and on better, with the government that is to come—as sure as next Christmas is to come. His royal highness has a smile and manner—but *you* know both. Of course we all expected France would pass through a Republic. But Paris—without a court! Paris with Jules Favre to give the tone to society! Why not import a Quaker government at once? No, no: we must have our soirées, public and *intimes;* we cannot get on without the *cotillon.*

The poor ladies are asking already what next season will be. 'As for me,' said the Duchess, 'I hav'n't given my winter toilette a minute's thought. Black, my dear Mr. Correspondent, black, with my old sets of jet which I have by the dozen, will do, I expect. My milliner will go through the Bankruptcy court directly the war's over, and there is a court to go through.' But who knows, except his royal highness, your own correspondent, and one or two other people whom I will not name, what next season is to be?

"Depend upon it, whatever direction the tide of affairs may take, 'your own correspondent' will be in the swim."

To whom—the Editor:—

"We are much abused on this side of the Channel by people who don't understand what a newspaper is, for our line of writing about recent events. But continue in your present vein. The curve was a sharp one; and the jolting was severe at the speed with which we travelled over it; but the line lies straight ahead now. Nothing is more

evanescent than the anger of travellers. Besides, we received no more civility than was the due of an organ like ours. We conferred more favours than we received,—the balance is on our side, my dear 'own correspondent.'

"I don't think any of the phrases you have used of late, too strong. My heart bleeds for France. She has been gulled; she has been robbed, by as methodical a band as ever took to the road.

"You are quite right in nursing the Republic. Upon that hot-bed another monarchy will grow apace. And such gentlemen! I feel that we shall get on capitally with them."

But Mr. O'Hoyle's editor was open and above board, when compared with the French editors who had to veer from hot Imperialism, to the side of M. Rochefort, wearer of the red scarf. The grand phrases in which the French turncoat executes his manœuvres, are designed to cover him, just as the inkfish covers his retreat. Some

rallied with regret; others used "the country in danger" as their cloak—but all turned, if a few staggered in the act. In this general movement of baseness, the French journalists were assisted by the English newspapers, in which they found a hundred apt and handy excuses.

It was only in May that seven millions and a half of Frenchmen said we will have constitutional freedom, combined with the order which makes freedom durable and profitable to the human race; and one million and a half said—we will pass again through revolution. In September, the million and a half had the upper hand, and were waiting the end of war, to begin social anarchy. If the votes of May meant defeat of the Bonaparte, or anything like defeat, what does universal suffrage—what does any suffrage mean? Say, that of the hosts who voted for Napoleon, four millions were peasants, as dull of brain as the oxen yoked to their ploughs; there remained three millions and a half of intelligent, educated

citizens, who faced the one million and a half of revolutionists or republicans.

Or, is it pretended by the persistent but inconsistent opponents of the Ex-Emperor (the democratic bases of whose throne were the causes of its unpopularity among certain cliques and their organs in England) that the one million and a half of his opponents were intelligent—that none of them were peasants —and none blindly led journeymen, who knew not the evil to which their passionate, selfish, and unscrupulous leaders would conduct them.

This may be accepted as beyond controversy. The war with Prussia was, mainly, the work of the Belleville gentlemen, and their admirers. A strong antidote to the poison which they poured into the social body was needful: and the war with Prussia was that antidote. Count Bismarck has related that the Emperor told him, after the bloody days of Sedan, that he never desired the war; but that he was forced into it by his people—and all impartial men who

have stood apart in Paris watching the current of public events during the last few years, will admit this to be true—to this extent at the very least, viz. that the French people had so cultivated their hatred for the Prussians that it could no longer be kept within bounds. The very best proof of the popular hate lies spread about the comic papers of the period. See how Draner, and Petit, and Gill treat the Prussians! The Prussian was every child's *bête noir*; and just as our fathers when children crunched Bonaparte's ribs as sweetmeats, and naughty babes were threatened with Boney—the Teuton soldier was the ridiculous—the hateful —image to the street folk of Paris. It may be safely affirmed that one million of the noes recorded against Napoleon in May, were those of men as ignorant as the poorest of the peasants who voted for him. Then what remains, as the dominant fact which issued from the urn of the memorable 8th of May? Why, three millions and a half of the intelligent, educated classes of French-

men saying "yes" to liberty with order; and half a million of intellectual visionaries declaring for a change. Which change has been wrought. Nor is this all. Split up this half million into Orleanists, Legitimists, and Republicans—each section as violently opposed to its neighbour as to Bonapartism —and what is the account between the Ex-Emperor, his enemies, and France? Three hostile parties combined, and got together all the turbulent brute force they could command; and they were able to show only a miserable minority. One day the country was assured that the republican party was in immense numerical force: on the morrow it was the Orleanist party that was the backbone of France.

This is Mr. O'Hoyle's belief—or what he intends to believe next.

The plebiscite was issued in the face of vehement opposition from the Republicans and the Orleanists—to test the truth of these boasts. People marvelled why the politicians who adored universal suffrage objected to

the sovereign's appeal to the people. The truth issued from the Urn of the 8th of May, and the reason of the Republican opposition became manifest at once. The Republicans who had been making so prodigious a noise, were but a hole-and-corner party, at best. The Orleanists, with all their money, could reckon their adherents only by hundreds! It is this lesson out of the electoral Urn, that frightened the friends of France, when on the 4th of September, the hundreds seized upon the reins of Government in the name of millions: it is the same lesson which cheered the Orleanists—for when a people desire a king, and have just deposed a king, the pretender who starts with only a little popularity is nearly safe to win. And hence the proclivities of papers, English as well as French, that have hastened to be entirely rid of the old love, in order to be *en disponibilité*—for a new idol. Mr. O'Hoyle will tell you so candidly, in his convivial moments.

"For God's sake," Sydney Smith wrote to Lady Grey, putting his idea into whimsical

forms, "for God's sake do not drag me into another war! I am worn down, and worn out, with crusading and defending Europe, and protecting mankind; I *must* think a little for myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks—I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed—I do not like the present state of the Delta—Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be champion of the Decalogue; and to be eternally raising fleets and armies, to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequences will be we shall cut each other's throats. No war, dear Lady Grey! no eloquence; but apathy, selfishness, common sense, arithmetic!"

We were sorry for the Spaniards; we pitied the misgoverned Greeks, whom we had assisted to the misgovernment by which some of our countrymen lost their lives; tyranny

might be continued in the Sandwich Islands, and the state of the Delta might be even less to our taste than it was in the wit's day; and still we repeated his prayer—"For God's sake" let us not be dragged into another war. For what kind of spectacle had we already in Europe, after a few days' fighting? What was the condition of France; with the Prussians under the walls of her capital, and an unrecognized Government of eleven within her fortifications? We thought of the villages along the Rhine frontier, packed with wounded men. We endeavoured to conjure up the faces of agonized sufferers who were groaning under the tortures put upon them by the ambition of two rival military rulers. And, we asked ourselves—how can we sheathe the sword, and thrust away, to be buried evermore, those latest engines of butchery, the *mitrailleuses?* How can we staunch the wounds which are flowing along the highways of the Rhine that should be gay with holiday-makers? How can we help to restore sons and brothers to their homes; and to re-ope

the industrial battle-fields of peace, which are now silent, to the loss and sorrow of millions of the human family? Such questions surely best become England in the awful pass to which the meeting of two millions of fighting men had, in a few weeks, reduced Europe.

If then, the noblest and truest mission of England was to act as mediator—and to act in this capacity immediately, to stop the rain of blood in lovely Champagne; they ill-performed their part as guides or instructors of public opinion, who in any way envenomed the strife, or who set up the least obstacle to peace. What shall we say of those writers who, day by day, wrought hard to complicate the quarrel between France and Prussia, by mingling with it the hopes and aspirations and machinations of pretenders who lay about the French frontiers? What reward does Mr. Septimus O'Hoyle deserve?

The first reverse—a crushing one—suffered by one of the belligerents, sufficed to turn the sometime adulators of the defeated com-

mander into opponents and denouncers—not of his military capacity, but of his family and his throne. Chivalrous treatment of the unfortunate is natural to the just man; but what shall be spoken of him who goads the prisoner, and vituperates the man in misfortune? Had the Emperor Napoleon been victorious, and had his eagles journeyed briskly towards Berlin; his qualities as a home administrator, and his career and effect as the ruler of France, would have been brought forward to heighten his glory as a captain. But he fell—and we struck him—and gave weapons to his fickle countrymen to wound him. Not only on the morrow of his first serious reverse was his generalship called in question—but he was advised to abdicate. Correspondents who are inspired in Paris *cafés*, and who pretended to have the ear of indignant France, knew that it was all over with him. In fine, the man, with whom England had been in intimate alliance for some twenty years, was covered with contumely, for the benefit of an aspirant to his

throne, who had been waiting his opportunity in England for many years.

At this point of the relations between the two countries; while the Emperor and Mac-Mahon were at Chalons, a French politician stole across the Grand Café on the Boulevard des Capucines to me, one afternoon, at the hour of *absinthe*, and clasping his hands as he took his seat, looked steadily into my face for a moment—searching, it seemed, for *my* opinion on the course of events. Presently he broke out:—

"And can this be England—the great free nation, which has been so often thrust before us as our model? You know the Emperor is no friend of mine: I am a back-bone Republican: I believe France will never rest till she has established a Republic. But look at this—look at your *Times:* your great journal of the City: look at all your papers! It is ignoble. Do you want another dynastic war. You are fond of the Orleans Princes, we know: your Queen is: your aristocracy is—but this is too bad! Are we to be handed from the

Bonaparte to the Bourbon again by England?"

"By England? we shall stir neither hand nor foot," I said.

"But you will ply your pens and wag your tongues," the fiery politician continued. "No, no, you won't draw the sword: but you will let everybody know which side your governing people are really favouring. Now, my good friend, just suppose the Orleanists triumphant in Paris, and supported by the sympathy of the English government, the English upper class, and the English court; what would be the feeling, do you imagine, between your people and ours? In these days, happily, we have to look to the alliances of peoples—and not of governments, or aristocracies, or courts—as the only solid and lasting ones. You would find, mark my words, my friend, if the Orleanists were in any way helped to Paris by your sympathies, or secret support, that the entire young generation of Frenchmen—the enormous mass of the active, vital nation, would have rekindled in their

breasts the hatred towards you which their grandfathers felt after your struggles for the Bourbons which closed at Waterloo. It is a burning question, believe me: and you will, if you don't take care, find it too much for you."

"We shall not go to war."

"But you will be dragged into war: you will blunder into war. You will insult us and praise our enemy, till we shall go to war with you—not now, but later, when France has recovered her strength. We have hated the Prussians with an unextinguishable hate—and this war was bound to be, whether Bonaparte or another ruler fought it. Go on as you are going with your cotton ministers, whose blood is as cold as the sea which protects you—and you will prepare several bad quarters of an hour for your children, or your grandchildren. Neutrality — *Sapristi!* British phlegm is harder to bear than British broadsides." The irate politician then ran through the opinions of the English press—giving a finger to each paper as he ticked off the items of

its misconduct; but when he came to Mr. O'Hoyle and *his* views he overflowed with a torrent of indignation—and said we were getting as bad as the least scrupulous writers of his own country.

"At any rate," said he, as he ran away to the Madrid *café* to join political associates—"you have managed to break the Anglo-French Alliance into a thousand pieces. But we, *mon ami*, remain, I trust, *bons camarades*."

I hope so.

CHAPTER II.

PARIS UNDER ARMS.

IT is a brisk and bracing morning (August 14th). A strong northerly wind is blowing from Cape Grinez: the haycocks are dancing by the old fort behind which the ruins of Bonaparte's foundations for a harbour lie, sinking deeper in the sands: the cheery crews of Boulogne fishermen roll away to sea with a laugh or a droning song. By the oyster-house on the pier I catch glimpses of many days that are long past and gone. A boy at school, I bathed under the watchful eye of the famous brave old man whose breast was covered with medals marking the lives

he had saved on this shore—within sight of the fisherman's calvary which crowns the *falaise*. I marched (in a jacket) with the troops that came from Lille and Arras to make an imposing military demonstration, in the Citizen King's time, when the statue of the Little Corporal was planted upon yonder column. I remember Louis Philippe riding here on a white horse. I used to stand staring at the window over the gateway of the Upper Town Castle, where one Louis Napoleon's grave face appeared occasionally behind the bars. A certain English resident undertaker set up the statue of Napoleon I. that stands upon the cliff, on the site of the Imperial head-quarters during the encampment of the Great Army that threatened England. Through the undertaker, that statue is always associated in my mind with the death-gloom of a certain summer. Then the military road in the cliff conjures up the army of Napoleon the Third that was echelloned for miles along these heights, to give a *feu de joie*, as the yacht of the Queen of England approached

when Her Majesty came to be the Imperial guest. It was here that I and my friend Gustave Doré stood on that brilliant summer day; and that he took in the great scene in a note-book not bigger than a drayman's thumb. The star of Cæsar was at its brightest; and the well-known melancholy face was wreathed in smiles, as the Queen of proud England stepped into the gorgeous state train *en route* for Paris.

But the piers are deserted: the quays show no holiday makers: the shops in the Rue Napoléon have not a single customer in them: the English library in the Grande Rue is closed, and covered with bills; and when I ask the gloomy waiter in the oyster-house whether Boulogne has any visitors in spite of the war—he answers, in a hard savage voice, "*Personne.*"

There is not a soul in his establishment. The cutlets which we order have to be fetched from the town, while we eat the immense ragged Channel oysters; and the wife steals in with them under her apron, to save the

honour of the house. During one hour and a half only a slouching port officer redolent of *caporal*, and a Russian party of three, come in. Yet these sorely try the resources of the paralysed restaurant. The Russians want kümel of course; and the proprietor goes cheerily through the pretence of having it—then of finding that he happens to have just emptied the last bottle. But he has maraschino, and every other liqueur. Poor fellow, he was just able to squeeze three thimble-glasses full from the bottom of a maraschino flask, and mask the poverty of his cellar. Verily, the Boulogne season is represented by "*Personne.*" And the reason was receiving an amusing illustration on the beach under our eyes.

The tide was beating in noisily, flapping and hissing through the piles of the jetty; and along the wet boundary of the shore some fifty *gamins* had constructed sand intrenchments, within the lines of which they were gathered, shouting, waving their caps, and singing the "Marseillaise," while the tide

crept up to their treacherous works. Suddenly the waves broke through the sand walls, and the whole fifty ran laughing and chattering away, to open other intrenchments where the water would be in half an hour.

Playing at war, with the rough sea for the common enemy, with old fishermen and seaside invalids looking on from the pier, seemed a little grim, as an amusement; while the little blue boxes, suspended outside the custom-house and other public buildings, invited passers-by not to forget the wounded of the army of the Rhine!

By the fish-markets the *poissardes* are reading the prefect's announcement that Strasbourg is invested: in the market-place the farm servants, who have come in with fruit and butter and eggs, slide from the back of their donkeys to read the mayor's appeal to his "*chers concitoyens*" to be alert with their help. In a few days a train of wounded soldiers will reach the town. There are a hundred beds ready in the *hospice civil;* and in the old barracks there is room for one hundred and

thirty. Will not the dear fellow-citizens lend beds and bedding during the war, to be returned to them when peace shall have been signed? The barracks are a mouldy rat-run now; but I remember the day when at this crazy gate Napoleon tore an officer's epaulet from his shoulder, and the place was alive with a battalion. By the military Café Veyez, a placard warns all whom it may concern that the 5th battalion of the Garde Mobile is to assemble at Boulogne-sur-Mer, on the 16th instant; and another is addressed to citizens over forty years of age, summoning them to enrol themselves of the Sedentary National Guard. The old among the old may yet have to shoulder their crutches, and show how fields were won; for it is only too clear the carpet soldiers of the Second Empire are not of the stuff of Jena and Austerlitz.

By the fish-market, by the vegetable-market, along the quays, across the bridge, to the railway-station are spread, the fathers and grandfathers of the intrenched baby-army on the sea-shore—and these are by no means

playing at war. The Garde Mobile is dapper and busy. The National Guard is very serious indeed. The gay little town we have been wont to associate with sunshine and laughter, has not a smile now for the rare stranger. The railway officials are serious: and the men kiss each other as they part at the station. I saw two standing with hands intertwined, and their eyes brimmed with tears —waiting for the guard's whistle that was to separate them. They fell into one another's arms, at last, embraced; and he who was going said, with his heart in his mouth:

"God knows whether we shall ever meet again!"

At Montreuil we asked for news: at St. Valéry a head appeared at every window craving a few hopeful words: the officials were mournful at Abbeville, and gloomy at Amiens, when we precipitated ourselves upon the Paris papers that had just arrived. There was not a crumb of comfort in them; but only more sickening details of Woerth, and all the discomfitures of MacMahon and Frossard;

fresh facts to the disadvantage of Lebœuf; and hearty denunciations of the Prussian proclivities of the English press. Teeth were gnashed over perfidious Albion, and her ready disloyalty towards the cordial ally of twenty trying years. Then men shook their heads proudly and defiantly, and said that a nation which called herself France could dispense with such false friends. A few skirmishes would not break down the first people in the world. France would rehabilitate herself, and then she would remember the organ of the shopkeepers, and the ignoble creatures who had been the first to turn upon her in her misfortunes.

I could see there was no good news to greet our arrival in Paris. One even expression of sadness was upon the faces of the blue group of porters who were waiting to carry the luggage to the custom-house. The streets had an empty look. The crowd in the railway waiting-room had been silent. My concierge had plaintive tones in his voice. And yet he, in common with the vast majority

of his countrymen, was fully convinced that the French reverses were only temporary trials, to be speedily forgotten in the delirium of an immense victory.

"You see, monsieur," was his argument, "it isn't possible a great people, like the French, can be beaten. We have been led by bad generals, betrayed, sold, what you will: but we have not been thrashed. There must be at least five Prussians to beat one Frenchman, and they had six—ten sometimes. But, wait a few days: wait till we get them clear of the woods—and then we shall give it to them hot. They may get as far as Chalons, but there it will be a massacre. Oh! as for Paris: if they had the bad inspiration to carry their audacity to that extent—we shouldn't merely thrash, we should eat them."

This was the man's faith. He had no reasons to give. He cared for no map: he was regardless of the strategical genius of the enemy: he would neither reckon nor argue. A nation that called herself France *must* win.

There is a crowd at the corner of the Rue Drouot, by the ninth Arrondissement, where the people station themselves night and day to catch the first glimpse of M. Chevreau's bulletin. The centre of the crowd is a tall, white-haired man, in whose sallow face deep lines of thought are cut. He is giving his view of the relative positions of the armies before, and flanking Metz. With his walking-stick he explains himself, by drawing a map of imaginary lines upon the pavement. The news is not so grave after all. Before Metz, at any rate, the army of the Rhine can make a stand. Think of those noble cuirassiers who died to a man the other day! See the stuff of which the young Duruy is made! The sons and grandsons of Austerlitz will give a good account of themselves yet. We are at the beginning of the war. We must have a little time to recover from the blunders of the Lebœufs and Frossards—and the rest of that ignoble set.

Having delivered his little speech the venerable figure pushed through the audi-

ence whom he had attracted about him and went on his way well satisfied with himself. The cabs are filled with recruits: the wine-shops are the scenes of leave-takings over *petit-bleu* and absinthe all day long: the volunteers, proudly showing the red scarf and the baggy trousers of easy wear for war, take a turn along the Boulevards with their mistresses: under the Jockey Club are many of its members in their new uniforms: and within the most gorgeous of these establishments is a little club of retired officers who seem to occupy two or three tables *en permanence*. One is a general, two or three are colonels. Some of their friends hail from the Corps Législatif. Two dashing young chasseurs, fresh from the tailor, bustle in, followed by their friends. They are the two boys of one of the colonels. The father's eyes glow with pride; and the general warms the hearts of the lads by telling them, they have a good martial air. He examines their accoutrements critically; and he, and all the old officers about him weigh a shako gravely in

their hands—each giving his opinion. The general then claps it upon his bald head. Whereupon, a burst of applause all round. It becomes the general perfectly. It must have been made for him. The old man's face flushes, and his eyes sparkle, with delight. Then, playfully, each veteran is made to try the speckless head-piece that may within a week be under the hoofs of the Prussian horse.

The pride and affection of the father for his two bran-new chasseurs, were delightful to witness. He laid his hands upon their shoulders: then held them out at arm's length to get a full view of their splendour: and then he put them at a table, and insisted upon their having an absinthe. I think one took sugar and water, flavoured with orange flower. While this domestic drama is enacting—we hear the roll of the drum, and the café is emptied in an instant upon the pavement.

The red cross is coming. We can see it borne in the distance, and approaching slowly,

with a dense black crowd round it. But, in advance, along the broad pavements, skirmishers are thrown out. They are grave gentlemen in black, with the white scarf and red cross about one arm, and holding a long pole with a stout canvas bag at the end of it. They jerk the bag as they proceed, making the money rattle; and they address the people, in an undertone:—

"*Pour les blessés, messieurs—mesdames: pour les blessés.*"

All gave: ay the poorest—with that willingness which doubles the gift. Some ladies who had missed the bag turned after it, and ran to it, determined that their offering should not be wanting. A few sneering Englishmen said the scene was theatrical—meaning hereby to say that it was hollow: but they were authorities of the tourist class, who affect a knowledge of every thing, and are familiar with every city the steeples of which they have seen from a distance, in their railway carriage. The tears stood in the women's eyes, as the two almoners who were to say words

of comfort to the dying, came alone heading the procession, and carrying the eagle and the tri-color of France between them. When the grey ambulance: the waggon laden with tent-poles: the *fourgon* packed with medicines and lint, and with the brigaded *infirmiers* bearing the red cross behind;—when these had passed, how should the poor mothers who had sons where that procession was going—the sisters who had brave brothers from whose dying lips those priests might bring back the last loving words to them—the mistresses whose lover's death-wound might be staunched and eased from the precious things in that *fourgon*—how should these gentle, grieving women refrain from weeping? Every heart, like every purse, was opened[1]. Utter strangers, moved by an irresistible common feeling, talked to each other, and agreed that war was a terrible thing indeed.

The shopkeepers lounge in their doorways, missing the tourist of August—the early worm

[1] When the third ambulance left Paris, the *quête*, on the way to the station, produced 10,570 francs.

of the Paris fancy trades. Even the cafés feel the pinch of the struggle. The absinthe drinkers are at Chalons: the customers of the Helder have hushed their "Chant du Depart," and are standing face to face with France's hated enemy. The Sedentary National Guards are the indifferent martial stuff left, to fringe the Boulevards at the miles of round tables in the company of the English, Italians and Spaniards who remain in the threatened capital.

"Threatened! The Prussians will not come here!"

Every man, woman, and child will tell you this. This is the exclamation that winds up every discussion of the chances of the war.

Ah! The Emperor has fallen back on Verdun: the Prussians are at Nancy: have drained Saverne of the last *litre* of wine: have invested Strasbourg: BUT they will not venture hither. They would have to march over the bodies of two—or perhaps three millions of Frenchmen first. Not a single *choucroutier* would live to tell the story in

Berlin. This is very wild talking, but then these are exceedingly exciting times; and I am not sure we should not effervesce a good deal if we knew there were half a million of fighting Frenchmen half way on their road to London. Pay a visit, and you only change the illustrations of the one feeling which animates every breast.

You find a circle of ladies in the *salon* picking lint into a bag. It looks like whipped cream at a distance. They are begged to make every thread exactly eight centimetres long, and they are doing their utmost: and they gossip as they work. One lady has a cook—who is Alsacienne. A few days ago she heard that Saverne was threatened. Hard by is the bit of land, in the cultivation of which she hopes to spend her days with the man of her family's choice. She is furious at the bare idea of the approach of the enemy to that sacred handful of mother earth. Yesterday she was plucking a fowl, while talking with her mistress.

"There, madame, I only wish I had the

Emperor here. I'd take him just so: and serve him—so."

While she spoke she held the chicken and seizing a knife, cut its head off—with a will. The lady had other anecdotes of the furious Alsacienne. Boys are naturally malignant in their humour, I think. Madame's young hopeful at any rate has no keener enjoyment left to him, in this dull season, than to make an occasional burst into the kitchen, with the declaration that Strasbourg is taken.

Another lady is very much distressed about the war. She declares that she cannot bear to think about it. "Really, it is hardly worth the trouble of talking about one's toilette now. Try to imagine what next season will be. Dear me, everybody is gone. All my poor dear Ponts-et-Chaussées are there you know. There is not a partner left in Paris. I shall not give a thought to dress: but I must show you two that came home last week."

Another lady observes that the Prussian

officers are exquisite dancers; but then this lady is an English woman.

A bouncing boy tumbles into the room. What has he been about? He has been playing at "à Berlin!" with a neighbour.

The lady of the house is of opinion that General Lebœuf's daughters showed very bad taste in flaunting about the streets of Metz at the beginning of the war: just as the generals did in parading their showy equipages before the troops. And the lint-picking and the gossip are going forward, after this fashion, in every quarter of Paris; while the husbands and the fathers are abroad, on the Boulevards, on the Bourse, in the Cafés, at the Corps Législatif, on the fortifications, at every street-corner, in the shops and offices, devouring the papers, and talking, gesticulating, screaming their indignation and vowing vengeance, and swearing the Emperor shall not set his foot again in the capital. As for Lebœuf, his slow torture would be witnessed by all Paris with unaffected delight.

Day after day wearily passes. The crowd

never leaves the gates of the Mairie in the Rue Drouot. Bulletin upon bulletin strikes to the popular heart. The Emperor addresses Eugenie from Longeville, and reports a victory. Men's cheeks flush, and their eyes sparkle, and there is a shaking of hands all round: up and down the street. At last the good time is coming. The Prussians may prepare themselves. No longer will they be permitted to sully the soil of France. Disgrace, confusion, ruin awaits them. And they thought they were going to dictate terms to Frenchmen! The kiosks are taken by assault. Thousands of men and women hasten home—each carrying a *Liberté*, or a *Patrie*, or an *Opinion*. It is not a great battle after all. The Germans claim the victory. King William congratulates the Queen in Berlin. At night it is hinted about that the Prussian capital has been illuminated. More news at midnight—and of a doubtful character. The fight is still progressing; there have been heavy losses on both sides, but the French army is operating its retreat in good order, and quite to the

satisfaction of Marshal Bazaine. Sad, surly, angry men go home to bed, each with the latest budget of bad news in his pocket. Every evening, it is the same thing. The *Soir* appears at half-past ten at night, and when it has such a chronicle of national humiliation as that which About published, eleven columns to the batch, on his escape from Saverne to Paris, it is a hard pillow for the Parisian to sleep upon. But harder to bear than the battle of Woerth, and all the story of MacMahon's glorious retreat with the remnant of his army of heroes, is the shout of victory followed by the official confession that the good news is false news.

Paris suffered agony when she had to tear down the flags, and stifle the song and the shout for the first time. That day will not be forgotten by a living Frenchman. But still the pain of daily favourable rumours, followed by formal *démentis*, is acute. The battle of Metz, fought on the 15th, brought sunshine upon the faces of the Parisian on the morning of the 16th. I wonder how many *coups* were

drunk to the victors, to France, to the valiant army! My concierge could hardly contain his enthusiasm sufficiently to tell me that 40,000 Prussians had been killed, and 20,000 taken prisoners. "Victory along the whole line!" said he. "We have waited for it; but *enfin*." At my cab stand, the cabmen smiled and nodded; a passing workman, beaming with joy, observed "*quarante mille*" to me, "*quarante*"—and passed on—as proud as the first grenadier of France. In the omnibus waiting-room, the people could hardly bring themselves down to the common-place proceeding of taking their number. A waggon passed carrying a cannon to the fortifications. With a shrug of the shoulders—it was generally agreed, for the thousandth time, that it was not in Paris the Prussians would eat *chou crôute*. The planting of the guns upon the fortifications, however, was a little work of external ornamentation that might proceed.

When the day had worn on to dusk, and still "details were wanting," and it was per-

ceived that the news was a traveller's tale filtered through a sub-prefect's office, and then when the exact truth crawled out through official sources, the reaction was profoundly sad to behold. People had no spirit left to discuss the arrival of the army at the Chalons camp. A few days ago they were indignant at the retreat to Verdun, at the investment of Chalons, at the dinner which the Prussians had eaten at Nancy!

To criticise a people so tried, and to be ungenerous towards them, is to act a base part, not to say a dangerous one. For they are treasuring up the insults of their enemies. They will remember critics who stigmatise a vote of their parliament as robbery on a national scale; and who give currency to every rumour which is to their disadvantage. Their papers are taking notice of the Prussian organs in London; and of the shamelessness with which, in the hour of France's difficulty, they ignore and forget the candid and loyal friendship of twenty years.

"Your turn is coming," a learned French-

man said to me. "Be certain of it. This is not the end of the Bismarck programme by any means. Observe what Prussia, Russia, and the United States can do, and may do, together. The American Minister here is taking care of the Prussian embassy. They are agitating the Alabama claims at New York. Do you think Prussia doesn't intend to swallow up Holland and Denmark if she can? The States want your Canadian Dominion. Russia wants the Sick Man. The Goths and Vandals will not be satisfied with Alsace and the Lorraine. You might have helped us, and you wouldn't: do you think that we shall, let what may happen, stir a soldier to assist you, after this? The commercial gentlemen who govern you, and who are governed themselves by your aristocracy, don't like our progress, our profound love of letters and the arts, in short our universal suffrage, and the rest of what they would call our revolutionary baggage; and so they have dragged you to the German side—and to your destruction eventually. For—we shall remember this; and, should we be

humiliated, it is you whom we shall hate. They may take your Canada, and cut you off from India; and we shall sit here, and read of it in the evening papers—and go home quietly to bed with the paper in our pockets."

On the evening of the 15th, on that of the 16th, on that of the 17th, the anxiety of Paris was steadily on the increase; relieved by the flash of reported victory on the morning of the 16th—but saddest on that night, when in truth the capital had most cause to rejoice.

I find it impossible to convey to the reader an idea of the tension at which the minds of the volatile, sensitive, inconstant Parisians was kept from the hour of MacMahon's retreat to the morning of the 18th, when the *Gaulois* printed *Deux Victoires* in prodigious letters, and the Count of Palikao announced the battles of Domcourt and Gravelottes. At the same time it is difficult to characterise the foolish exaggerations and the constant exhibitions of ignorance to which the special correspondents of English newspapers had recourse, in order

to supply effective pictures of Paris in a state of siege to the English public.

The correspondence which M. Edmond About has contributed to *Le Soir* has made a profounder sensation than any writing which has yet proceeded from the war. The *Pays* has attacked his *Journal d'un Journaliste* as giving all the credit to the Prussians and only peppercorns of praise to the French; but the fierce Bonapartism of a De Cassagnac is more harmful to the cause of France than any truth which the correspondent of the *Soir* is likely to record against her.

M. About's diary from Saverne must be read in the original French; before the critic can do full justice to it. The author of "Tolla" and "Le Cas de M. Guérin" is a keen observer and a humourist; the writer of the "Question Romaine" is a philosophic sentinel over contemporary events; the creator of the "Roi des Montagnes" is a descriptive romancist of a high order. His powerful, refined, and brilliant French carries the war upon its tide, with stateliness. The thinker

is forthright: the humourist uses his weapon patriotically: the chronicler of facts, picks those out which are salient, with a rare skill. The road from Phalsbourg to Saverne, after the defeats suffered by MacMahon and Frossard, is brought fully to the reader's mind by a few brilliant touches of the pen. The meeting with the four horrible Zouaves headed by the awful *gamins de Paris* drunk and demoralized and ferocious, is a picture of which Meissonnier would make a masterpiece. Saverne, when the retreating soldiers of the 1st corps slept there, and the *générale* woke up the little place at six in the morning, and the inhabitants ran to the woods—is completely before the reader. "Many of the farmers drove their cattle before them as in the days of Abraham." After the retreating French came the Prussians—swaggering, methodical, exacting—remorseless: the barbarian showing through a film of civilisation and humanity. M. About fearlessly exposes the fact that while the enemy was plentifully provided with topographical maps, he had met a general

galloping in the valley of Behrensbach, turn- his horse's tail in the direction to which he thought he was making. When the full and true account of this war shall be written; it will be seen that in unmasking only such mismanagement as this, M. About kept him- self within severe limits.

The gossip of Paris is of a far more damaging character—and I mean the gossip in good circles. A military friend, who is a staunch Bonapartist, tapped me on the shoulder while I was reading the paragraph which was posted in the courtyard of the Grand Hôtel on the 18th instant, announcing the total destruction of Bismarck's regiment[2]; and said—

"They are getting over the blunders and lies at last. But they have been fearful— shameful. The Emperor has been betrayed. Half his army was merely upon paper. I

[2] An extract from the *Globe* of the previous evening: and there were London newspapers on the morrow morning who suppressed it; albeit the Count of Palikao had announced it in the Corps Législatif.

have this from an important officer of the Corps Législatif. You know that the government receive the money from the *remplaçants* now. Well, every year thousands—thousands of the upper and middle-class families buy substitutes for their sons. In peace time the substitute costs two thousand francs (eighty pounds). Formerly this substitute was furnished by private offices: it was an open trade in food for powder; but it has been a State business under the Second Empire. The *remplaçant* fund falls into the imperial treasury. Shall I tell you what I have been told? This fund, paid by the parents of the lads who have drawn bad numbers, has been pocketed systematically—and no *remplaçants* have, consequently, been bought; so that all the soldiers who should have been replaced, have just been represented by numbers—upon paper. Nor is this all. People do go so far as to say that money has been actually voted year after year for these paper soldiers—and has disappeared! Hence Wissembourg, Woerth, Forbach, and the rest of the failures at the beginning."

When gossip like this is current in the capital, can the writer be blamed who reports a little of the effect of the peculation and blundering which he sees before him, in dying countrymen, trampled vineyards, and poor folk laid under contribution by a ruthless soldiery—who would draw the teeth out of the peasant's jaws, if they had time? M. About has seen the hungry French troops begging bread at his door: and is he not to say so as fearlessly as our "Pen of the War" spoke from the Crimea, hereby saving our army, and earning the thanks of the country, and the careful neglect of successive governments? Is About to feign a pleasant humour, when he has seen the lasses of Alsace filling the Prussian cups with the white wine of his country?

"Saverne is filled with Prussians. I saw enough of them yesterday, and I see too many of them this morning from my window in a potatoe-field, which they are stripping, in rank, in the most methodical fashion." The writer who sees this from his desk is not

likely to be mealy-mouthed when dealing with the authors of it. The enemy shows no example of sobriety in statement at any rate. Chroniclers who report that a Turco has been found dead with human flesh between his teeth are not the people to claim moderation on the other side.

To this present writing (August 19) Paris in a state of siege: Paris under Generals Montauban and Trochu: Paris with a paralysed trade: Paris with the flower of her youth drained off to Chalons: Paris made the prey of hundreds of designing rascals with selfish purposes to serve out of her distresses: Paris, misrepresented by correspondents with foregone conclusions and the A B C of her life and spirit and genius to learn: Paris filled with spies from the enemy, and plotters for the Pretenders on the frontiers—has a gallant bearing; and when the citizens go forth on Sundays to see the thousands of workmen busy with her fortifications, there is not an expression of fear on any face. Men are grave because there is death on the wind, all

around; but they are of metal as hard as that which they have planted upon their walls, and they sleep like brave men behind the twinkling lights we can see from our upper windows, where the bronze mouths are gaping—ready to meet the enemy.

"What would you do, Ernest, to the Prussians, if they came here?" said the maid of Alsace (the heroine of the plucked fowl) to her Young Troublesome.

"I would jump upon them, Madeline," answers the sabreur of the five-sous sword. And he jumps upon a *tabouret* to show how he would do it.

"Wreaths of roses!" Ernest's papa exclaims, watching his wife preparing her luggage for her autumn journey to the chateau.

"Why, yes," says the lady. "We shall have a feast I hope on the day of victory!"

Let us hope that it is at hand—for the Paris hospitals are filling apace from the Camp of Chalons.

CHAPTER III.

PARIS MAKING READY FOR BERLIN.

A SAILOR with his arms round the necks of two male companions; a Zouave spread-eagle fashion in an open cab; two Voltigeurs of the Guard carrying a thin trunk between them; a conscript drunk, with his shako on the back of his head; soldiers of every uniform bearing bundles, or giving their arms to sad-looking mothers or sisters; the wine-shops filled with military, and the little tables gay with a drinking company, although it is only eight o'clock in the morning—were the indications of war that appeared, directly I had turned from the Great Northern

Station into the Rue Lafayette. This longest street of Baron Haussmann's Paris, evidently traversed the section in which the Zouaves of the Guard were quartered; for these alert, dashing, and unscrupulous gentlemen, who are mostly *enfants de Paris*, were saunter-ing, drinking, chattering in every direction, and preparing to make a day of it. Am-munition waggons and ambulance carts; vehicles stacked with mattresses; men of all arms in their heavy *tenue de campagne;* trim lancers bearing despatches upon weedy but serviceable Algerian horses, that, as I heard it observed, could live "on broken ginger-beer bottles;" at every corner, in every drinking-place, flushed lads shouting, tippling, singing, and executing fantastic *pas seuls;* with a rear and background of *gamins* and idlers every where—were among the salient features of Paris making ready, which burst upon me in the early morning. By the Opera we suddenly pulled up. We had nearly run over a belligerent group that was between more than "two wines." A Grenadier of the

Guard had exchanged his prodigious bearskin for the white "melon" covering of his civil companion; while this one, who was in a black tail coat, had girt the Grenadier's sword about his holiday waistcoat, and had donned the shako. The effect was as ridiculous as anything in *Barbe Bleue* or *La Périchole;* and the select group of idlers who were following the bit of improvised burlesque of war were a generously appreciative company. On the Place Vendôme there was a crowd before the *Etat Major*, consisting of soldiers and their relatives, supported by the usual strength of idlers; and about the column were one or two old men with maps, retracing, I doubt not, the routes of the Jena time, but never wandering to Leipsic. This Place Vendôme is the spot beloved of the military child of France; and many a trooper who is conducted to it during his holiday, by his cousin in Paris, is woefully disappointed to find it crowned no longer with the cocked hat of the Little Corporal, but with the modern Cæsar in the toga of his ancient prototype. Gaston Jolli-

vet, in a "Chant de Guerre," which the *Gaulois* published, circles his most fiery verse about the immortelles of the famous *Place:*

"Paris, souviens toi, sombre histoire!
Que ta Seine donnait à boire
Aux chevaux de leurs escadrons,
Et que, sur ta Place Vendôme,
Ils ont osé toucher au dôme
Fait du bronze de leurs canons!"

Then to Berlin, brothers; to Berlin! Zouaves, legendary Turcos, chasseurs, grenadiers, voltigeurs—all of the antique race of sailors, hatchet in hand, arise! The Baltic waves are cresting to bear proudly the avenging fleet! For the road, poet Jollivet tells his countrymen—they know it. Jena is after Jemappes; but this is the old route. Let the worn map be torn to atoms, and let a new one be made for 1870. It is time for garrulous parliamentarians to be hushed; for lo, powder is about to speak!

That appeals like this have a mighty effect

in Paris, who can doubt when warlike song is upon every lip! We wake to "Mourir pour la Patrie" and the "Marseillaise" at six in the morning; and it is dying away just for an hour or two when we go to bed at one on the following morning. The man who is polishing my floors is singing "Malbroock" under his breath. The air vibrates with songs and shouts of victory; and the idea of defeat is as far from the popular mind just now as the possibility of doubting that Paris is the centre of civilisation. But there are plenty of doubters, nevertheless, who are getting impatient with the brawlers in the streets, and the drunken sailors carrying flags at the head of a "ragamuffin rout" along the Boulevards, and shouting that eternal "À Berlin!" A calm, elderly gentleman looking on at one of these demonstrations, that sweep by the Boulevard cafés at intervals, like the gusts of a dying storm, said to me: "Poor fellows, they think it's as easy as eating a date for breakfast; and they don't remember that the Prussians have

warmed their soup in the shady alleys of the Luxembourg."

By nine o'clock the Boulevards are crowded: the wineshops are full: the newspaper kiosks are besieged: and vermuth and absinthe have resumed their sway from the Grand Café to Vachette's. Every hour in the twenty-four may now be called "the hour of absinthe." I stumbled against two blouses—or rather, they stumbled against me, an hour after my arrival. They were arm in arm, keeping each other up on the principle that both would not stagger at the same instant; and the elder man was explaining to the younger one (who was no doubt on the point of being furnished with that knapsack in which every French soldier carries a marshal's bâton) by means of lines drawn with unsteady fingers, in infinite space, the exact route which the army must take; but inasmuch as the soldier in the bud was looking vacantly at the wall during his friend's dissertation, I am afraid military science is not likely to be much advanced by it. At

the Splendide Café I found a change of waiters. Baptiste, poor lad, was gone to the war, and Jules expected to be called off any moment, unless he could escape on account of his bad health. Sébastien, an old garçon, dilated on the struggle, seen from the point of view which his position afforded him. He ran off a list of the young men who were flourishing a week ago; who were putting away savings and working steadily to be patrons in a few years; and who were now food for powder. "What would they be worth," he argued, "when they came back? Their former places would be filled up; they would be too old to begin at the bottom of the ladder once more; and then, again, they would have military tastes and manners." "Que j'aime les militaires" is a low comedy sentiment which delights audiences at a burlesque theatre, or in the leafy groves of harmony in the Champs Elysées; but the bourgeois and the fastidious classes, abhor their coarseness, and hectoring noise.

Sébastien is a philosopher, and knows this.

It is instructive to watch him while the crowds shoal by, and the horns play the "Chant du Départ;" and the ordnance waggons rumble over the macadam. "They have taken more than eighty omnibus conductors," he said to me, while some riotous conscripts, six abreast, were passing our tables, and threatening at every step to upset them. "*La belle affaire!* They will have enough of it before they come back; if"—and here he measured the length of his nose with his forefinger—"if they ever see Paris again. You must look at it from the *mère de famille* side. This noise in the streets means nothing more than a holiday, and we love a holiday, and enjoy it thoroughly. But go into the remote quarters of Paris, visit the workshops, consult the *vie intime*, ask the families who have delivered up the hope of their stock, and you will see whether Paris is all supping, rioting, and singing at the prospect of the blood that is about to flow. I know a man who has scraped his all together—the whole fruit of his laborious life—to buy off two sons. The family are ruined; but the

children are saved from what these imbeciles in the streets, and the greater imbeciles in the papers, call 'glory.' *La jolie histoire!*" And Sébastien went off with his "bitter" and absinthe bottles, shrugging his shoulders, and ejaculating an occasional "La! la! la!" to ease the overflow of his mind.

The tradesmen who own the palatial Bazar de Voyage, at the new corner of the Rue de la Paix, have, however, I am sure, a lively sense of the glory of war; and of the profound and beneficent wisdom that has lined the banks of the Rhine with hosts thirsting for the blood of their fellow men of the opposite bank. At this bazaar the St. Cyriens have been equipping themselves for their baptismal fire; surrounded by groups of ardent admirers, and accompanied by every *gandin* of their acquaintance. With a keen eye to business, the purchases ticketed for the frontier are cast upon the pavement before the shop, to the delight of the loafers, who diligently read every label, and who criticise the wonderful economies of space made in the knapsacks. With the

makers of those knapsacks the war, I apprehend, is exceedingly popular—and, indeed, the holiest of wars. To their thinking, the *summa dies* should lose half its terrors when approached with the comforts of their patent kit. After traversing Paris from the Madeleine to the crown of the Buttes Chaumont, and seeing the stir that was in every street; every soldier with a brother, or sister, or sweetheart hooked upon his arm: every omnibus, and nearly every cab, full of military, flushed with the excitement of a stupendous struggle acting upon the hot French temperament; I returned overwhelmed with a sense of the terrific, ruthless, and murderous power which the will of three or four men had evoked. That the war spirit is now in this people to their marrow those who most deplore the war must frankly admit. Why, by the lake in Buttes Chaumont fairyland, which has been conjured out of the ancient quarries between Belleville and La Villette, the children were riding upon toy cannons, and were tilting at

the rocks by the waterfall, just as in their youth their intrepid fathers

> "their feats to crown
> Storm'd some ruin'd pig-stye for a town."

Upon the benches old men were discussing, paper in hand, the latest war news; and pointing to Mont Valérien and other memorable military elevations that could be seen, as upon a map, in the magnificent panorama of the Paris basin.

The Buttes Chaumont are classic fighting grounds. In 1814, the armistice was signed in a wine-shop of the Petit Jardinet, hard by, at La Villette; but before the signature, heroic bands of the National Guard, the Polytechnic boys, artillerymen and volunteers, held the Buttes against the Prussians, and repulsed them. Over this ground Russian and Prussian troops poured into Paris; and where exquisite landscape gardening is spread for the delight of the working population that presses round the Buttes, the *gibet de Montfaucon* once held dead men in chains before the

great city. I could not help lingering here, listening to the stories of 1814 which cropped up among the elderly men as they pointed to the Mont Valérien, and the noble crest of Montmartre; and then proudly declared that the day of vengeance had come. Every where this is the idea.

"L'ombre de Waterloo nous guide
Vers un suprême rendez-vous."

This is the shadow which is the universal guide among the young men who are marching to the frontier. M. Benedetti, King William, the scene at Ems, are so many *bavardages parlementaires* to them, which they scatter to the winds with a jest or an oath. They tell you "this day was bound to come. We didn't wait for the Prussians to throw the glove at our feet; we flung it in their teeth." All party divisions are closed before this march to what is called "a supreme vengeance."

Dining at a well-known Paris club in the evening, a private soldier entered. Friends recognized him. "What does this mean:

worsted epaulettes," &c. ? The simple soldier was a Legitimist marquis; and he observed that he had enrolled himself to do his share of fighting for his country. In this spirit volunteering has been going on vigorously. At the Café de la Paix I met one of the fashionable frequenters in the uniform of a sergeant of Voltigeurs. He had volunteered to serve—not the Emperor, but the country; and was shaking hands and drinking a wine of honour and of farewell with his *gandin* circle. The evening on the Boulevards was more exciting and suggestive than the morning. To begin with, the wine had been flowing all day. There must have been thousands of soldiers drinking along the three miles of cafés and estaminets. The shouting was incessant, and the noisy standard bearers—mostly sailors I remarked —were a nuisance all along the line to the coachmen. The Garde Mobile was beginning to appear in force; for already this Garde of twenty-six departments is called out, and Chalons is preparing to receive the *Mobile*

army for severe drill, so that it may be ready for all emergencies. None upon whom the State can lay a claim are to be spared. When I asked a friend's concierge whether he was in danger of being called away to his baptismal fire, he answered with alacrity, "No, monsieur, I am thirty-eight; the State can make no further claim upon me, except in an extraordinary levy. But there are men who are very hardly used. I met a poor fellow this morning who was recovering from a broken leg. Three months' convalescent leave had been granted to him; he has been on leave only three weeks, and he is obliged to return, and march. It is very hard, too, for the men who had been dismissed to their homes, being within six months of the expiration of their term of service. Their career is broken up again, and they are recalled to go with the rest, to the frontiers."

The latest scene of Paris Making Ready, with which I familiarized myself on the day of my arrival, was in the Restaurant Peters, on the Boulevard des Capucines—a house

famous for American dishes, American drinks, over ornament, high prices, and night scenes that may be briefly described as—the old Haymarket, with modern Parisian manners and graces added. Here Mars appears, with watery eye and flushed cheek, and uncertain step, in the company of Venus. A young lancer enters followed by a Mabille lady who proudly bears his travelling bag across her shoulder. He chatters incoherently to everybody, and is rallied as one of the old guard. Madame is advised to have a tight hold of her commandant. Next, a brand-new lieutenant, St. Cyrien of yesterday; and then young soldiers of all arms, smoking, joking, and shouting for "bocks"—in the intervals of warlike melody—a line of the "Marseillaise," a fragment of "Mourir pour la Patrie!" The ladies are very affable; the young soldiers are quite conscious of the admiration which they are awakening in their character of possible heroes; and the *pekins* are content to furnish the quiet background to the hurly-burly. From time to time a tremendous chorus on

the Boulevards draws the whole of Peters' society to the doors, to return laughing, chattering, and singing louder than ever.

So ended the prelude to a bloody war, for thousands of the youths who were leaving Paris daily for the frontiers. My way home lay by the Havre Railway terminus, and as I passed it I was attracted into its immense salle by tremendous cheering. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning, and two regiments were leaving for Versailles *en route* for the war. The hall was nearly dark, there were more women, and fathers, and brothers, and friends than soldiers; a few noisy drunkards; but the sounds that smote upon the ear and to the heart, were of mothers and sisters sobbing. These were the sounds that were in every house. "Paris is in mourning already," I heard a poor lady say.

How deep was it a little month after! They were very quiet *chez Peters* then.

CHAPTER IV.

A FRENCHMAN ON THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

M. AMYOT, of the Street of Peace, has issued many valuable books adapted to the warlike spirit of the times. From the Rue de la Paix may be obtained the fullest information on the French army, its organization and strength; and, lately, a complete French estimate of the forces which Prussia has at her disposal. The study of the Prussian army is presented as affording a contrast between a "people in arms" and a nation protected by a large permanent army. Of course, the contrast is to the disadvantage of Prussia. The Prussians are

described as having vulgarized the idea which obtained after Sadowa, that their system represented an irresistible military power, obtained and maintained at the cheapest possible rate. The war of 1866 undoubtedly turned the attention of the military authorities of all nations upon the victorious people that, in a few weeks, brought out its whole fighting strength, disciplined it, and so skilfully and impetuously manœuvred it, that the enemy, renowned in the world for his military genius, was speedily crushed, and driven to accept peace on the most humiliating terms. The tone in which the writer on the existing military system of Prussia deals with the King and M. de Bismarck, in his preface, was well adapted to the exulting and defiant spirit that dominated in Paris a fortnight ago, but is misplaced—it jars—after Wissembourg, and in the face of the peril in which a few days' fighting have placed the very capital of France.

It is believed in many French circles that

M. de Bismarck's ambitious designs have always been condemned by the upper classes of Prussia; and that even among the masses of the nation there has existed throughout a surly spirit of opposition. To keep up and disseminate this idea has been the care of many French writers, and it is that of the military authority who has just given his estimate of Prussian military institutions to the world. He insists that the Prussians have become the instruments of the King and his Minister, only because they have been drawn with masterly ability into the discipline of a rigid military training that destroys individual will, and makes men soldiers in spite of themselves. At this moment, when France has found that the way to Berlin is not a holiday march, even for her Zouaves and Turcos, and that soldiers in spite of themselves, have an awkward way of getting the best of a fight, and of showing themselves masters in strategical cunning, it cannot be uninteresting to follow a French writer on the Prussian army,

who begins with its origin, describes its reorganisation after the Peace of Tilsit in 1807, the labours of General Scharnhorst, and the formation and calling out of the Landwehr. The crisis through which the Prussian military system passed between 1813 and the issue of the general orders of November, 1850, and April 1852, are interesting points of study to the military student. The Prussian Landwehr were sorry, halting, unwilling soldiers in 1849 and 1850; how they have changed since those dates they showed in 1866—and are showing now. But here is a Frenchman's account of the matter:—

"At one extremity of the famous Linden walk, on the chief place of Berlin, stands the statue of Frederick II. The large space fronting it is fringed by the most imposing monuments of the capital, notably, by the statues of Blücher, Gneisenau, York, Bulow, and Scharnhorst. Thus one glance takes in the effigies of the men who founded the Prussian army, and fitted it to follow the traditions of the great Frederick. At his death it

seemed that his spirit would be wanting in the troops who were to support the reputation acquired at Rosbach, Prague, and other fields. The campaign of 1792 left the Prussians lower than their fame, the battle of Jena was disastrous in its effects; but the regimé under whose influence this catastrophe occurred, declined from that time. At the close of the campaign of 1807 a new era dawned in Prussia. The formation of the Prussian army dates from the battle of Jena. It was initiated by Scharnhorst and the group of patriots who, after the Peace of Tilsit, had ousted from the King's counsellors the rigid politicians of the old school who had mainly brought about the national disasters. Scharnhorst was aided by Marsenback, Gneisenau, Lothun, Grollmann, Boyen, York, and Thile, who united as a commission of inquiry on the 25th July, 1807, proceeded immediately to modify the laws of promotion, abolish the exemption from military service, define the conditions of recruitment, and ensure a more complete armament. The Commission,

under the presidency of Scharnhorst, soon laid before the king a project tending to evade the obligation imposed by France of limiting the standing army to 40,000 men. By the Treaty of Tilsit, the Prussian population was reduced to 4,800,000; but the nation looked forward to the recovery of her former force, and in a short time the number of experienced soldiers by whom the recovery was to be effected had considerably increased. Each company was commanded by twice the necessary number of officers, and it was decided that during the first three years, the greater part of the soldiers who had already served should be dismissed to their homes, and that recruits should take their place and acquire their experience. The disbanded men assembled from time to time in their cantons, and were provided arms, stores, and clothing from the depôts disseminated over the country. Thus, Scharnhorst laid the nucleus of the Landwehr. From 1807 to 1813, the French Emperor's suspicion, added to her own weakness, had condemned Prussia

to apparent inaction. This period was employed in secret but complete preparation. When the Russian campaign had crippled the enemy's strength, the Berlin cabinet dropped the mask, and by the decree of March 1813, organized the Landwehr. In this body were incorporated all subjects between the ages of seventeen and forty capable of bearing arms. The Provincial Parliaments and the Communes undertook the charge of their clothing and nourishment, the State retaining but the care of their armament. The officers of this improvised army were named by the municipal councils; the king designating the titularies of the higher grades. The Landwehr was subjected to the same discipline as the regular troops, and from the moment it quitted the home circumscription received pay and rations. Behind this force, to protect the Fatherland itself, were the Landsturm—a levy *en masse* of all valid men above the age of forty. From these were formed 153 battalions of infantry, and 124 squadrons of cavalry; in all a force of 100,000 men,

prepared to take the field immediately after the expiration of the armistice that existed from June to August of the year 1813. Divided among the different army corps these Landwehr levies took part in most of the battles and sieges of the War of Deliverance. Thus the infant corps passed early through the *baptême de feu*, and had attained such science and solidity in one campaign, that it was ordered to form the invading army that finally entered Paris in 1814. In less than a year the Landwehr had earned the right to survive the crisis that brought it into life. After having recovered the prestige by this national movement, Prussia resolved to maintain it. To this end a considerable army was necessary. On the other hand, notwithstanding the late successes, the population of the kingdom could only be rated at 11,000,000, and its financial resources were slender and precarious. A plan was devised that obviated these difficulties. It was decided to call forth an annual contingent of 40,000 men, who should serve three years, and form the nu-

cleus of a standing army of 140,000. Military service was rendered obligatory by the law of September 1814, and by that on the Landwehr, promulgated in the November of the following year. Every subject capable of carrying arms was called upon to serve from the age of twenty to twenty-three in the active army; from twenty-three to twenty-five in the reserve; and from twenty-five to thirty-two in the first class of the Landwehr; and from thirty-two to thirty-nine in the second. The Landsturm comprehended all citizens from the age of seventeen to forty-nine who were not incorporated in the army or Landwehr. The Prussian forces thus became composed in the following manner:—1. The standing army in time of peace, 140,000; and by the embodiment of the reserve, on a war footing, of 220,000. 2. The first class of the Landwehr, infantry and cavalry, numbering in time of peace 3000; in time of war 150,000. 3. The second class of the Landwehr numbering 110,000. If we add to these figures the 50,000 men capable of being re-

cruited by the anticipation of their time of service, we attain a total of 530,000, of which 340,000 composed the armies in the field, and the rest the depôts and garrisons. Only a quarter of these forces were maintained by the State in time of peace.

"Such was the achievement of Scharnhorst, and of those patriots whom yet Prussia remembers with gratitude. Their labours have been crowned by those of Bismarck, Moltke, Roon, &c., who planned the territorial conquests of 1866; and by General Steinmetz, the victor of Nachod. King William came under fire for the first time at Bar-sur-Aube, February 27, 1814; General Steinmetz has served in the campaign of 1813. In the almanack with which every officer of the Prussian army is provided, are consigned the names of more than 250 battles, combats, sieges, and skirmishes in which French and Prussian have met from 1792 to 1815.

"The military achievements of Frederick the Great are but rarely mentioned in those calendars. France, Republican and Imperial,

with Austria and Denmark, occupy the major part of their pages. This detail is pregnant with meaning. It proves how the national hatred which gave rise to the creation of the Prussian army in 1814 is yet hot and deeply rooted.

"The organization prepared by Scharnhorst, and rendered definite by the law of the 3rd September, 1814, subsisted, almost without modification, during the two reigns of Frederick William III., and of his son Frederick William IV., brother of the reigning King. During many years no occasion arose that might consecrate the system initiated in 1813. While Prussia seemed for ever condemned to inaction, Russia was skirmishing in the Caucasus, Austria was kept alert by her Italian difficulties, and France had ever in Algeria a school of war in which to form her officers and try her troops. It was feared that time had in a great measure deadened the spirit of 1813, and that the enforced military service had become odious to the people. In 1830, under the influence of a strong

popular emotion, the Prussian Government called out a part of the Landwehr. If the experience then acquired did not wholly confirm the prior fears, it went far to show that the enthusiasm excited by the War of Deliverance had all but evaporated. Nevertheless, it was judged dangerous to modify the existing system, since it contained the essential germ of an ideal army—obligatory service. In 1848 the Landwehr was again embodied, in order to meet the pressure of revolution in the interior, and the threats of Austria and Denmark from without. This trial, and that of 1850, plainly demonstrated that an inspiration like that of 1813 cannot be transmitted from one generation to another, nor regulated, nor rendered permanent. The Landwehr proved reluctant and unmanageable in 1849 and 1850. It was furthermore demonstrated that the men suddenly called out could not be promptly cast into compact battalions and squadrons, and this inconvenience acquired serious proportions from the increased rapidity bred in the art of war by steamships and rail-

ways. Lastly, the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Landwehr were ignorant and inefficient. The decrees of November, 1850, and of April, 1852, aimed at remedying these evils. The formation of the army was radically altered. Infantry brigades were thenceforward to be composed of one regiment of Line and one corresponding body of Landwehr. In March, 1853, a Ministerial order completed this amelioration, and was highly effective in amalgamating the two elements that composed the national forces—the army of the Line and the Landwehr. But these measures had not succeeded in creating a force large enough to carry out the ambitious views of the reigning house, when the Prince William of Prussia was invested with the office of Regent in October, 1858."

Then follows an account of the reorganization of the Prussian army in 1860; and of the increase of the standing army as a relief to the duties of the Landwehr. The writer insists that it is utterly false to hold that Prussia's force rests on her small standing

army, and her immense reserve, which she is able to throw into her cadres at any moment:—

"The painful truths taught by the laborious embodiment of the Prussian army in 1850 became again apparent in 1859, during the war with Italy. The Prussian Cabinet, desirous of profiting by Austria's embarrassment to impose upon her some modification in the Federal system, had procured from the Chambers the vote of the 21st May, ordering the mobilization of the forces. The war battalions of the Landwehr were forthwith assembled, Government having already destined them to form the germ of the new Line regiments added to the army a year later. To this fact are generally attributed the political and military successes achieved by Prussia in 1866. The secret of these successes was held to be in this system: a standing army as small as possible, reduced as it were to skeleton regiments, while the Landwehr fills in when the necessity of action occurs. This assertion was inexact even before 1860, when

the mechanism of 1844 had received but few alterations; since 1860 it has become utterly false. The one principle that has remained unchanged in the Prussian army system is that of enforced military service. During the last ten years, above all, the Prussian Government has completely modified the fundamental bases of the primitive scheme. The authors of the reorganization took for starting-point to their calculations the fact that the resources of the country in point of population and revenue had so increased since 1815 that the army was no longer in proportion with them. In practice the system had swerved from the old principle of obligatory service; it was necessary to restore to it the vigour and completeness necessary to further the views of the Prussian Cabinet. Acknowledging the efficacity of the doctrines of 1814, King William resolved to maintain in its integrity the great idea 'of a people under arms,' and he gave as schools to the people not only the Landwehr but the army of the Line. The sovereignty of statistics is pre-eminent in

Germany. Before the battle-field of Bohemia had materially justified its efforts, the Prussian Government had eloquent proofs in figures that vouched for the wisdom of their plans. When the fundamental law of 1814 first took effect, a call to arms was made of one and a quarter per cent. of the population. And this is the maximum imposition the people have ever had to endure. This fact is due to the incessantly increasing population. The army has been raised from 130,000 to 131,000, 132,000, 134,000, 135,000, 138,000, 139,000, 140,000, 151,000—even to 205,000. We are yet below this first proportion of 1¼ per 100, so great and rapid is the increase of population. Only since the reorganization has the Prussian army been, with regard to the population, in proportions analogous to those of 1816. This reform tends to render the application of the principle of enforced service subservient to eventualities, happily exceptional—that is to say, the imminence of war. At one stroke the annual contingent of Prussia was raised from 40,000 to 63,000; and the ranks of the

army in active service received at the same time considerable extension. The pecuniary sacrifices imposed on the country were also relatively much inferior to those accepted without a murmur in 1814. At this epoch, in spite of the impoverished condition of the nation, the army cost 35 per 100 of the State receipts. It is true that later on, with an army of 130,000, this charge was reduced to 24 per 100. But on the eve of the Austrian war the most notable reduction had been effected: a permanent army of 205,000 then absorbed but 29 per 100 of the budget of receipts. The augmentation of the active army and that of the annual levy of the recruits were, it may be seen, consistent with the spirit and letter of the law of September, 1814. But the King's object has been not only to multiply the numerical force of the army in proportion to the growth of the population, but to give that army a permanent consistency that should abrogate the necessity of drawing able-bodied men from 'the people under arms,' and thus relieve the country of

the now indisputable evils attendant on the Landwehr system pure and simple. Thus while many authorities, dazzled by the brilliant results of a seven days' campaign, are loudly advocating the Landwehr system, the Prussian Government is every day moving further from it, and striving to lessen the distance that separates its actual practice from the old type of a permanent army. Its proceedings have been gradual and cautious, out of respect for the traditions and interests of the people.

"It has been seen that under the law of 1814 and until 1860 the recruit owed the State three years of active and continual service, and two years of service in the reserve. The reorganization of 1860 increases the service in the reserve to four years. This measure was most beneficial in its effect. The increased taxation thus caused, and the prolongation of military service, were amply compensated by the security enjoyed by the rest of the population. Under the old system the army could only be placed on a war footing by drafting into it large bodies of the Land-

wehr. It is easy to understand the constant perturbation and anxiety the possibility of such an event created among the people. Assuredly the line of policy that led Prussia into the war of 1866 was far from possessing the suffrage and assent of the people; but the discontent had been immeasurably more open and serious had the 610,000 that expressed the strength of the Prussian army in July, 1866, been attained by means of the Landwehr. The actual means employed were found to be less costly than the former system. Even a partial mobilization entailed enormous expense; each commune had to be indemnified for its relief of the families left destitute by the departure of the male members. It results from the statistics already cited that the cost of each soldier is considerably lessened since the reorganization. In 1820 a soldier cost annually 211 thalers; in 1830 the expenses had fallen to 177 thalers; it is now rated at 196 thalers; and during the mobilization that took place in 1859 the cost had reached 214 thalers. Encouraged by

these figures the Government hastened to deduce the full sum of advantages to be derived from the innovations, in order that the standing army should be ready to take the field directly after the adjunction: firstly, of the men in the reserve, forming for four years an effective of 214,000; secondly, of one-half of the annual contingent recruited by anticipation; thirdly, of a small body of the youngest men from the first class of the Landwehr. Thus, the Ministerial defenders said, whatever may happen, no man will be liable to service after the age of 28; the growth of the population, the development of public prosperity will be all the more assured. The reforms were nevertheless hotly attacked by the Liberal Opposition, though the Progressists were as anxious as the Prince Regent to assist the aggrandizement of Prussia. The Conservative party showed greater foresight. It came to the aid of the Government, and influenced the masses by revivals of the pensions of 1813. M. Reichensfurger, the chief of the Catholic

party, declared in the debate of the 15th May, 1860, that the state of Europe required an armed Prussia. He appealed to the unity of the German peoples to withstand the hereditary enemy, that is France, and ended by insisting upon the necessity of reviving in the people by a strong, physical, and moral schooling, the old vigour of 1813. In closing the Chambers the King expressed his regret that the reorganization had not yet been voted; and in the following July a Cabinet decree added to the army 32 regiments of foot and 10 of cavalry. The men forming the two younger contingents of Landwehr were suddenly incorporated in the standing reserve, so that the reforms decided upon without the sanction of the Legislature would produce their full and entire effect on the morrow of their improvisation. The active army of 1850 numbered 145 battalions, 152 squadrons, 127,000 men, and cost annually 27,205,735 thalers. The army of 1860 numbered 254 battalions, 192 squadrons, 242,649 men, and cost 32,637,627 thalers. It was thus superior

to the former force by 109 battalions, 40 squadrons, 85,149 men, and cost but 5,431,529 thalers more. Three years afterwards war was declared against Denmark, and it was satisfactorily proved that the new organization completely answered to the necessities of Prussian policy. The Schleswig campaign was undertaken in the winter of 1864, without it becoming needful to call upon any part of the Landwehr, or, indeed, to mobilize all the standing army corps. In 1866, however, under the pressure of a heavier strain, Prussia was obliged to have recourse to the Landwehr. It was then demonstrated that the system offered numberless advantages, when not enforced to excess. The number of men from the Landwehr incorporated in the army of 610,000, at the disposition of the Prussian Government in 1866, is estimated at 191,500; and of the 261,000 combatants who took part in the battles of Turnau, Münchengraets, Trautenau, Skaliz, Nachod, Gitchin, and Sadowa, but 27,000 issued from the Landwehr."

The account of the formation of the army "on a war footing in times of peace," and of Prussian military strength in 1866, is drawn from authentic sources, and is methodically and clearly arranged. The author gives credit to the army of King William for the skill and rapidity of its strategy, by which the Austrians were surprised and worsted in every encounter. It is a pity for France that French generals have not taken a few lessons among the "*choucroutiers.*"

The French military writer, from whose treatise I have drawn these passages, admits that Prussia possessed in 1866, not only a fine and numerous army, but also the means of moving it upon distant points of strategy with extraordinary rapidity. This candid critic allows that her military position was a formidable one, and was well calculated to encourage her in designs which outsiders described as egregious folly. Count Bismarck might well be indifferent to the short-sighted and ignorant among his countrymen, who looked upon him as an extravagant dreamer.

He had laid his plans well in every direction. Let the reader observe that the French military writer who makes these admissions had sent his pages to press before a blow had been struck on the Rhine. But his countrymen were not in the humour to listen to the least warning on the serious side of their undertaking to subdue the Prussians, and knock the armies of King William into "a cocked hat." They were on their way to Berlin! Nothing could resist the *élan* of the line; nothing withstand the *furia francese* of the Zouaves and the Turcos. The comic papers were showing how the braves from Algeria would make a morning meal of the helmeted children under the Crown Prince, and lunch on the Bavarians. The man who could sit down and calculate when France had made up her mind to demolish Prussia, was phlegmatic, like a German, and could not deserve a moment's attention.

While the Boulevards resounded with the shouts of the heroic children of France hastening to the Strasbourg Railway station,

he was a sorry curmudgeon who could sit with his elbows on his knees, and count up upon his fingers the relative strength of the belligerents! In vain the quiet, argumentative, calculating writer, whose pages lie before me, directed the attention of *la France guerrière* to the manner of Bismarck's attack upon Austria, and to the cunning play by which he made it appear that while Austria had her fourth battalions on a war footing, Prussia was almost as unsuspecting and weak as a school girl. By this ruse the hostile Prussian Parliament, that hated the King's favourite and turned an angry eye upon his designs, was roused. Prussia could not remain weak in the presence of Austria, with her great battalions massed along the Silesian frontier.

The soundness of the Prussian system, regarded as the means deliberately taken by a far-seeing man to a given end—the end being that which now appears at hand—is demonstrated at length in the Frenchman's treatise. In 1866, Prussia had placed

herself in a condition to be able quietly, within the space of two or three weeks, to call under the flag, equip, and put in orderly and solid motion, 15,600 officers and 658,000 men. This quiet and orderly strength which was displayed with such astounding effect four years ago, and which many French military authorities have mused over with the care and caution which become responsible professional men; has been again manifested with that calmness and quiet which our neighbours despise as phlegm. The phlegm of Prussia has answered the *furia*, the *élan*, of France. The dexterity with which the mobilized armies of the Fatherland were got together (as when immense levies were so manœuvred as to meet in Hanover) was a point noted by the author of the pamphlet; but it would seem that it was forgotten entirely by the French commanders who waited lately on the banks of the Rhine until three Prussian armies were quite ready to overwhelm them.

Let me add that the pamphlet was adver-

tised by the well-known publishers of the "Street of Peace," as a work that would be sure to create at least as great a sensation as "The French Army in 1867;" but the crowds who were cheering past Amyot's windows at the time were not in a mood for nice measurements of strength. The Austrians of 1866 were not the French of 1870. There was no parallel. France was opening a military walk to Berlin, and had no time to twaddle about the Landwehr and the Prussian renown for military strategy. The French army had but one idea of strategy—that of marching straight ahead to the place which was to be taken. France was going to eat the Prussians, not to fight them.

CHAPTER V.

PAPER SOLDIERS.

I ESCAPED towards the end of August from the tumult of poor Paris to the comparative calm of Boulogne-sur-Mer—escaped with a trunk full of war literature, that in days to come will help to give the world an idea of the manner in which the Parisians of 1870 prepared to give the Prussians a reception in their beloved capital. The *cocardes*, selling along the Boulevards at twenty and twenty-five centimes each; the ladies' hats, with huge tri-colour feathers, like those of the Generals of the Revolution; the shoes, with tri-colour rosettes; the alms-boxes for the

wounded, hanging at the posterns of the shops; the hatters, full of cocked hats, kepis, and wide-awakes, garnished with the omnipresent three colours, and caps with the red cross; the strange Garibaldian uniforms of the Mobiles, the bersaglieri cut of the *francstireurs*, and the ungainly *ensemble* of the spectacled Sedentary National Guard; the crowds round Devisme's rifles and pistols—and then a few steps further on, about the depôt of Montreuil peaches; the gentlemen-beggars for the wounded, shaking canvas-bags at the end of long poles; the orderlies galloping incessantly to and fro; the irruption of provincial *pompiers*, and *douaniers*, and marines; the little Bourse when the papers come out between four and five, or when a bulletin has been put up at the Mairie of the 9th Arrondissement round the corner; the rows about change in the cafés; the rush for the English papers between eight and nine; the groups hovering round poor La Perine, while she rearranges the flags upon her war map, or readjusts the flag with the red cross

with which she attracts passers-by to her money-bag for the wounded; the deserted Grand Hotel, and the crowded Elysée where the volunteers are enrolling themselves; the "Marseillaise" at the Opera, executed by the whole audience up-standing: and, for central object, the silent and sad Tuileries, with the flag wearily moving in the summer air, over the fallen fortunes of the solitary, care-oppressed Lady within! Paris in a state of siege, and preparing for the besieger; angry, excited, feverishly active—and, at the same time, listening to the songs at the Cafés Chantants, and laughing over the caricatures of the *Eclipse*, the *Charivari*, and, till it was suppressed by General Montauban, the *Cloche;* Paris still amused with the *Journal Amusant*, or exasperated with the little *Officiel* that gives no satisfactory war news; Paris alive till one in the morning expecting news—is too much for the irritable, nervous, or excitable stranger, who is not of the *grande nation.* They who are of the tide, can bear the swell and rush; but it is dazing to look on from the bank.

Even M. Auber felt this, and has enrolled himself in the Sedentary National Guard. We shall see the intrepid regiment of Arm Chairs if the war lasts. Even these will be an improvement on the paper soldiers with which France was cheated into confidence as to the feasibility of her triumphant march to Berlin.

Away from the Paris war fever, and cooled a little by the sea, I have something to say more of these same paper soldiers. I think I may open the eyes of the reader upon the mystery that led up to the series of disasters which attended the French in this murderous war, and which have provoked a brisk trade in jet ornaments (the fleur-de-lys, I remarked, was a popular design) in the Rue de la Paix and thereabouts.

I travelled from Paris to Boves with two rubicund cattle dealers, who were returning home after having made good bargains in the threatened capital. They were stout, fair, florid men, with heavy whips, heavy jewellery, heavy purses, and evidently a capacity for heavy drinking. There was the bucolic hearti-

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ness in them; and we were soon deep in the war. One had sold three thousand sheep and sixty beasts in the Paris market—

"They'll not die of hunger," he said. "The stock is becoming enormous. They may come to their last cartridge and their last man, but not to their last biscuit, nor their last *bouillon*."

"Nor their last bœuf," the other interrupted, pointing with his thumb at his friend, to convey to me the knowledge that there were more oxen in his meadows than had yet been driven out of them.

"But, Monsieur, we have a revenge to take; and, the war ended, we shall take it," continued the vendor of 3000 sheep to beleaguered Paris. "France has been betrayed; France has been cheated. You remember that, fourteen or fifteen years ago, private offices, individual speculators, bought substitutes for the young men who were able to afford them. The price has risen since I drew lots, but this is not what we complain of. Every thing has been dearer: human flesh, you see, as well as meat. Say the young man

who has drawn an unlucky number doesn't wish to be a soldier. Well, his parents go to the Government office appointed within the last fifteen years for that purpose and pay, say, two thousand francs. Their dear boy is exonerated. Now, it is understood that with the two thousand francs a substitute, a *remplaçant*, shall be bought. This is the bargain between (1) the exonerated boy, (2) the Government, and (3) the nation."

"*Les voleurs!*" the cattle-dealer's friend interjected at this point.

"Well, what has been done? While the traffic in men was in the hands of private companies the Government took care to have their substitutes, since they had no interest in suppressing them. But, turned dealers themselves, their interest lay at once in a different direction. Well, they have just done this: taken the money from the pockets of families and put it into their own, and buttoned them carefully up. The substitute money has not bought a substitute. Just observe, Monsieur, the effect of this. The

right number of men have been put upon paper. To the public, who knew nothing of the dishonest transaction, the companies of our regiments were a hundred strong; and consequently the regiments, they believed, had each 3000 men under the flag. But what was the actual truth? Why I can give you any number of instances where the actual available men were not more than thirty to the company. Regiments that upon paper were at their full strength would barely muster 1800 fighting men, and some even less than this. This is our defeat! This is the key to the disasters which redden the brow of every Frenchman. *Les gredins!*"

The speaker wrenched the end of his cigar off with his teeth, folded his arms, glared, first at me and then at his friend, and asked what form of cruel punishment was severe enough for the rascals who had sold the honour of their country in this way[1].

[1] This story played upon in many keys, elaborated, distorted, enlarged—travelled over Europe to the 20th of September, on which day a letter from M. G. Pietri,

"They will pay dearly," said the other. "What is the result to us? Why, ruin. In

the Private Secretary of the Emperor Napoleon, dated from Wilhelmshohe, appeared in the *Standard*. I give this document. It is too important, as evidence of the recklessness with which certain English writers attacked the Emperor after his fall, to be lost.

"Wilhelmshohe, le 15 Septembre.

"MONSIEUR,—Depuis les tristes évènements survenus en France l'Empereur Napoléon n'a cessé d'être en butte aux attaques les plus violentes et à des calomnies de toutes sortes, auxquelles, sans doute, il n'opposera que le mépris. Mais s'il est digne de lui de garder le silence en pareilles circonstances, il ne saurait être permis aux personnes qui lui sont attachées de laisser se produire, sans les refuter, certaines nouvelles qui se publient journellement sur son compte dans des journaux Français ou étrangers.

"Parmis les plus odieuses, il faut signaler celle donné par un journal Anglais qui n'a pas craint d'attribuer les causes de la guerre aux embarras de la liste civile et à la nécessité qui en était résultée pour l'Empereur, de faire tous les ans un emprunt de cinquante millions au budget du Ministère de la Guerre, emprunts dont il fallait faire disparaître la trace en les noyant dans les dépenses d'une grande guerre. Une imputation aussi monstrueuse démontre de la part de l'auteur de l'article une ignorance profonde des lois qui régissent en France les finances de

my *pays* no less than twenty-two beet-root mills were to have been set in motion this

l'Etat ou bien une mauvaise foi insigne. Les malversations ne sont guères possibles en France, car la comptabilité de la liste civile est l'objet d'un examen sérieux, et celle de l'Etat y est soumise au contrôle sévère du Corps Législatif et de la Cour des Comptes.

"Un autre journal de Londres assure que tout le monde sait à Amsterdam que l'Empereur Napoléon a placé une somme de dix millions de francs en actions des chemins de fer Hollandais. Je déments formellement le fait, et j'affirme en outre que l'Empereur n'a pas un centime placé dans les fonds étrangers.

"Enfin, un journal *Allemand* a présenté la situation de l'Empereur d'une manière toute differente, et l'a dit tellement privé de ressources qu'à Sedan, l'état major Prussien a été obligé de lui avancer deux mille thalers. Cette nouvelle n'est pas plus exacte que les précedentes.

"Je me borne à indiquer ces allegations si contraires à la vérité, non dans l'espoir de mettre fin aux attaques dirigées contre un Souverain qui devrait en être préservé par le malheur même qui l'a frappée, mais afin de faire connaître combien peu elles sont fondées et peu dignes de foi.

"J'espère, Monsieur, que vous voudrez bien donner à cette lettre une place dans les colonnes de votre journal, et en vous remerciant d'avance, je vous prie d'agréer l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

"G. PIETRI.

"Secrétaire Particulier de l'Empereur Napoléon."

year. They are built, they are ready, but we have no workmen, and no coals. The young men who were exonerated, and who had drawn good numbers; who had, in short, settled to industrious lives, thinking that the State had no further military claims upon them, are drafted off, absolutely like *les moutons de monsieur!*"

"That is not all," said the sheep-dealer. "What kind of vermin have we been entertaining for the last year or two? We have had Prussians in France—all over France—for a year or two, even in our brave Picardy. Imagine this. An elegant gentleman—a German—took up his residence in my neighbourhood some eighteen months since. He made the acquaintance of the great seigneur of the locality, was asked to the chateau, and made love to the seigneur's daughter, and was only waiting till she had passed her sixteenth year to be married to her. I tell you he was a very accomplished person, and among his accomplishments sketching held a foremost place. He sketched the whole country;

he measured every road. We are brave people, and never suspected him for a moment. Well, on the day war was declared he decamped, and neither the seigneur nor his daughter have heard of him since. He was, *tout bonnement*, a Prussian spy. Well, that scoundrel does not raise our bile half so much as the rascals who have made us a hundred or two thousand of paper soldiers, and put the money that should have bought fighting men in their pockets. But they will disgorge; and we shall hold them by the throat (the war over) until they have returned every *rouge liard*. The army know this, and in every regiment they are talking about it. It is the question that will be settled before any other directly we have got rid of the Prussians."

The cattle-dealer's story was repeated to me afterwards by a military man, who had it direct from a Corps Législatif official. It was at the time, indeed, the chief text of all military gossip.

"Half the soldiers of the French army," said a Boulonnais to me, "were about as

useful as those which were picked up in the little Prince's study in the Tuileries, on the 4th of September. Tin soldiers in the boy's room, and paper soldiers in his father's! A nice state of affairs for an attack on a million of real fighting men!"

"And Lebœuf said you were ready, to a gaiter button."

"*Le gredin*," growled the Boulonnais between his teeth.

But the Empire deposed by eleven deputies of the Left, Lebœuf was no longer of use as a scape-goat. The Emperor became the *gredin;* and a story was contrived to fasten the dishonesty wholly upon his shoulders. That story will be found in another chapter; and I will entreat the reader to turn to it (Chapter VII.) for it is a good example of the rapidity with which calumnies are grown in France, and the audacity with which the idols of yesterday are attacked. The end justifies the means, it seems—even to the use of deliberate falsehood, and the cool building up of false charges.

"Lizzie says the rails are cut," a young lady said to me on the pier: "no more communication with Paris: last day of grapes. Dear me! is'nt it provoking, they're such nice refreshing things." This is Lizzie's point of view of the war. No more grapes! In French hands her grievance would quicken into story. Napoleon would figure as the villain who had arranged the war in vintage time, with the diabolical intention of making wine dear, and of depriving the people of their grapes.

In the market-place, I heard two women chattering. "I have paid ten sous for a cabbage," said an old housewife. "Now, I ask you, what can the war on the Rhine have to do with the price of cabbages at Boulogne-sur-Mer?"

The second woman proceeded to show that the war raised the price of all kinds of provisions: whereupon the old housewife—"*ce coquin d'Empereur!*" To her His Majesty figures as the ogre who made her cabbage soup costly; and she is prepared for any story to his discredit.

The shameless Republican calumny about the paper soldiers, and the Emperor drawing their pay for his private uses, has no higher origin than the housewife can give for her anti-Bonapartism.

CHAPTER VI.

MARSHAL LEBŒUF'S DIMPLES.

MARSHAL Lebœuf has dimples. His beard is Olympian; and his moustache would stretch twice round the body of M. de Bismarck—or, tied end to end, would reach across the Rhine. He is the very type of the heroic soldier: a commanding torso, a stout heart, and sweet and gentle manners. [This on July 23rd.] The *Gaulois* entreats its readers to contemplate the picture of the figure that goeth forth this (Saturday) evening to the banks of the Rhine, to strike terror into the hearts of the Prussians. And in this style a whole gallery of portraits has been painted.

M. Francisque Sarcey observes:—"You must make a loud shout, if you would be heard at a great distance." He sees distinct gain in measuring the moustache of Marshal Lebœuf. The immortal *élan* of '92 must be thoroughly brought to the popular mind. This can be reproduced only by vehement writing, drumming and singing. The French must be told in a hundred different forms how chivalrous, brave, and generous they are; that they are covered with military glory already—with ust one little bare spot to be burnished by the victories of 1870; and that the world, in breathless suspense, is watching the first soldiers of the universe, commanded by generals whose moustaches would go twice round the body of M. de Bismarck!

The ingenuity, and fertility of invention, and the vivacity with which French journalists are keeping up the "generous fire" are worth a little study. First and foremost as a stimulant to the warlike propensities of the nation is the "Marseillaise;" next follows "Mourir pour la Patrie;" next, the "Chant du

Départ;" and next, Alfred de Musset's "Le Rhin Allemand," which the *Gaulois* publishes with Vaucorbeil's music—"Mouvement de pas Redoublé." But the popular poets are edited, it would seem, by the police. The "Chant du Départ," for example, is a song in which Kings are attacked, and not with sugar-plums. Take these lines:

"Tremblez, ennemis de la France,
Rois ivres de sang et d'orgueil;
Le peuple souverain s'avance:
Tyrans descendez au cercueil."

Kings drunk with blood and pride are images not exactly to the taste, or adapted to the purposes, of the Emperor. The Revolution and its songs are useful, when trimmed to the pattern of Imperial democracy, and thus the above lines do service now in the following disguise:

"Tremblez, ennemis de la France,
Tous ivres de sang et d'orgueil;
Le peuple souverain s'avance:
Tombez, descendez au cercueil."

We may expect an early edition of the *Chants et Chansons Populaires de la France*, edited by M. Pietri, with the assistance of Alessandri and other Corsican *savants*. For the "Chant du Départ" is not the only song beloved of the people, which has been scratched with the policeman's rapier. A correspondent of the *Rappel* writes from Nîmes, that the authorities have ordered the "Marseillaise" to be sung nightly at the Casino; but then it is Rouget de Lisle, revised in the Rue de Jerusalem. The little pifferari of the Boulevards are as cunning as the police, and their reason is innocent enough. Their old *Viva Garibaldi* had long stood at

"Viva la Francia!
Viva l'Italia!"

But these two had become cold friends; and the little fellows made very few sous out of them. In a moment of inspiration, however, excited by the marching of the troops to the frontiers, and the warming up of the *furia*

francese, discreetly stokered by the Government, the young rogues added:

"À bas la Prussia!"

Their pointed hats are almost broken through with the torrent of coppers. From Châlons, where the departure of the regular troops and the arrival of the Garde Mobile have made a scene of indescribable noise and confusion, we have an account of a Zouave, perched upon a fountain, brandishing an umbrella, and singing a song *d'occasion* that roused his military audience to a delirious ardour for the glory of war. The Zouave sang:

"Bismarck, si tu continues,
De tous tes Prussiens n'en restera guère;
Bismarck, si tu continues,
De tous tes Prussiens n'en restera plus."

In every theatre, at every public ball, in the Tuileries gardens, in the Tuileries palace, the "Marseillaise" must be had. If the Government wished to get rid of this air, which acts like strong wine upon every Frenchman's blood, no better plan than this could have been adopted. It is being worked to death,

and every variation is a relief, even when the police inspire it. Some of the regiments that have taken their leave during the last two or three days, have shown a weariness of the noble old song; and as they have passed along, the snatches of it have been fainter and fainter. The Parisians have torn the thing to tatters; they are hoarse, and tired, and a reaction is setting in. They must have fresh food, before they will crowd the Boulevards and wake the echoes again. Even the sudden warlike ardour of M. Emile de Girardin is cooling, or is banked up, waiting for a victory. *Couplets de circonstance* are welcome as a change; still the songs are dying away as the armies gather along the frontier. People are beginning to breathe too quickly to be musical. But, a line or two, from a couplet, added by M. de Saint Germain to *Vermouth et Adelaide*, at a benefit representation of the Vaudeville company, at Maison-sur-Seine, and sung to Mme. Bianca (the *Alsacienne*) is too completely characteristic to be passed over. The concluding lines are the most pointed:

" Quand t'es Française par le cœur,
Voudrais-tu devenir Prussienne ?
Si tu veux rester Alsacienne,
Aime-moi, je serai vainqueur !
Grâce à toi, piquante Alsacienne,
La Prusse, ma parole d'honneur,
En verra d'un' drôl' de couleur !"

The " drôl' de couleur " is that sallow tint of fear which is known to Paris couturières as the Couleur Bismarck. In such impertinencies our neighbours are very happy. If their enemies are mercilèssly treated in the matter of persiflage, their friends and countrymen are not spared. Marshal Lebœuf's moustache serves to point a shot at Prussia; the nomination of General Uhrich to the command of the sixth division of the army calls to the mind of the *chroniqueur* that his late brother, Colonel Uhrich, was surnamed *le Borgne*, having lost his eye by a musket-shot. The Uhrichs are a family of soldiers, and they come from a nest of soldiers. Phalsbourg, their native town, has given, the biographer of the Uhrichs mentions, 25 generals of division, 61 generals of brigade, and 155

colonels, to France. The subalterns are a host.

The portrait of Marshal Lebœuf is, M. Fulbert Dumonteil promises, the opening of a series. There is to be a grand literary review of the generals of the Second Empire in the *Gaulois*, in the trenchant style of which M. Adrien Marx is the master. Not a grey hair will be passed over, not a dimple will be left in obscurity. "My models," the painter observes, "do not sit; they march past. I wait on the kerb, and as they go proudly by, I sketch their martial features to the music of fife and drum. I catch sight of them, as they leave, their swords bare, at the head of our armies. It is not a gallery I am engaged upon, but a review—a review of our old heroes of Africa, the Crimea, and Italy—inevitable heroes of battles yet unknown." If they are to be all executed in the style of the Lebœuf portrait, the public will not complain that the most minute and intimate details are wanting. But, before the paint was dry, the canvas was torn; and mud besmeared the epaulettes!

The literature of the war will be plentiful, if—with few exceptions—of a *drol' de couleur* —and a very suspicious one. If correspondents are to be peremptorily warned from the French head-quarters, at least the world will be gratified with an Official Bulletin, to be written by M. Garcin of *La France*, and M. Debains of the Foreign-office. The *Imprimerie Impériale* is to despatch compositors and printing material in the wake of the army, under the direction of M. Aragon. A bulletin written by a Foreign-office clerk, and printed by the *Imprimerie Impériale* will be about as trustworthy as the report on the Battle of Mont Saint Jean that appeared in the *Moniteur* on the 21st of June, 1815. M. Clément Duvernois' *Volontaire*, *L'Histoire* (that is to give us war history hot and hot, and day by day), the *Petit National* and the *Petit Rappel*, are all bent on war news; but what hope can there be of reliable information —of impartial descriptions of events—in the teeth of the threats that are comprehended in the measure which the Government has got

through the Corps Législatif? The moment was well chosen, as M. About testifies, writing from "the eastern frontier" to *Le Soir*. The adjournment of the measure that was to submit press offences to the judgment of a jury had the effect, he says, of water upon marble. "Men are so full of the war that they give the Government credit for all it owes us—even for progress." They have not much time to give to politics in the camp whence this latest bit of news is sent: "The artillery are beginning to receive the *mitrailleuses*, at the rate of one battery per regiment. One battery consists of six pieces, that can throw 900 projectiles in a minute. Beware in the front! We can understand now the destructive experiments of Satory, in which 500 horses were slaughtered in a minute and a half."

For the solid fact that will be, of necessity, wanting in independent correspondence from the seat of war, will be substituted by MM. About, Lockroy, Claretie, Camille Pelletan, Charles Lullier, and other light skirmishers,

histories of the superiority of the Frenchman over the Prussian, of the most ingenious form. The moustache of Marshal Lebœuf will be served up again and again. This, for instance, is a hair of it.

M. Edouard Lockroy gives an account of his night travels in a carriole. He is on the point of starting for the camp and the frontier, when at the gates of Metz the horse drops his shoes. Whereupon he visits the nearest blacksmith, and while the horse is being shod, the man recounts his experience of war. "At this moment," the *chroniqueur* admits, "every body at Metz has killed his Prussian. You cannot find a single individual who will not say to you, 'Ah! I killed enough of them, I can tell you—when I was young.' One might almost imagine it was a local game—like archery." The blacksmith's story was to the effect that on a certain occasion he was in a *cabaret* at Saarlouis with some Prussians. One of these stepped up to him and dropped an old quid in his beer. Whereupon the blacksmith rose, un-

hooked a sabre from the wall, and laid about him with a will. He struck one, and then the other, and then a third. He cut one, chopped another, killed two at a blow, three —in short, disposed of them all. Having finished the business, the tremendous Frenchman hung the sabre against the wall, and went on his way. But it so happened that these Prussians were soldiers; and their colonel finding that none of them returned asked his lieutenant, "Who killed my Prussians for me?" The lieutenant replied, "A Frenchman of Lorraine." The colonel complained—as well he might—to the French authorities. An inquiry was instituted, and the blacksmith stood forward and said to his judges, "Gentlemen, if a person were to put an old 'chique' into your soup at dinner, what would you do?" The Prussian colonel, who was a manly fellow, cried, "I would kill him." "Well," the blacksmith answered, "a Prussian put an old 'chique' into my beer, so I killed all the Prussians who were there." And the judges, after due delibera-

tion, told the blacksmith that he might go home. The said blacksmith must surely be a poor and humble relation of the Marshal of France whose moustache would go twice round the body of M. de Bismarck! Moreover he must have a thimble-full of the blood of our Captain Bobadil.

M. Ollivier is not the only Frenchman who is at war with a light heart. Arthur Pougin, in the *Charivari*, is obliged to hold both his sides as he contemplates the position, airs, and talk of the Bavarians. "They will make me die with laughter," he says. And then his gaiety expands into all kinds of fantastic and diverting shapes. He adores *Bavaroises*, with cream and a squeeze of orange-flower water, all piping hot and well sweetened. They are not bad *au chocolat*, with Rheims biscuits. But late events have transferred M. Pougin's admiration from *Bavaroises* to Bavarians. Germans, and more especially Bavarians, are not, as a rule, an amusing or laughing race. They prefer the whip to tickling. The mistress of the late king nearly

lost his majesty his throne, by laying upon his subjects with a horse-whip, but then, to be sure, she was an ex-circus rider!

Now, M. Pougin tells us, between his guffaws over the preparations for bloodshed on an unparalleled scale, the actual King of Bavaria is even less gay (if possible) than his father; and levies taxes on his subjects to pay for the representation of Richard Wagner's bizarre works. But great events develop latent powers. The admirer of Wagner at the expense of his subjects, has become a wag at the prospect of a continent to be deluged with blood. Answering the Prussian King's invitation to have the jaws of the Bavarian army broken for the benefit of Prussia, the sometime gloomy patron of Wagner dances with the lightest and brightest. He answers King William, "Your invitation has wakened the most joyous echoes in me!" He is enchanted at the prospect of spending a couple of millions, and of testing the Chassepots of France upon his brave soldiers. The war is no business of his, but he is grateful to

be permitted to join in it, only for the fun of the thing. "But," the King adds, keeping an eye to business, even in his transports, "But, pray observe, I shall require a share of the plunder."

This is too much for M. Arthur Pougin. He must be permitted to lay aside his pen for a moment, and have his fit of laughter out. Through the tears of his uncontrollable mirth he sees the Bavarians encamped at St. Maur. The laughter over, he pats little Bavaria on the back, saying, "Yes, my little dear, you shall have your share of what France promises Prussia. Don't be afraid; you shall not be forgotten. You will, perhaps, receive even more than you ask. But don't be funny again in your communications with the King of Prussia." M. Pougin is afraid of some internal injury; violent laughter is dangerous to him.

But the light hearts are to be well supplied with the comic aspects of war. The *Charivari* announces that it will keep itself on a level with the great events of the day. *Charivari* writers have gone away laughing as

loud as M. Pougin, to the front; and the journal has already a series of caricatures in the press, to be published under the amusing title of "The War with Prussia." Decidedly, there is a comic side to bloodshed; or, one is to be made.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, wrote:—

> "And he speaks best that hath the skill
> When for to hold his mind."

Of such best speakers there are few indeed in Paris this summer. The men who command no tribune with the support of sugar-and-water, have pens: the men who cannot get at the public attention by tongue or pen, have pencils. And all this power is being expended on one subject. Captain Pen is given up, to the stump, to the service of Captain Sword. Every drop of blood is mingled with a drop of ink. Every button of every soldier is under the microscope. There is not an unreported feather in one of the eagles that are flashing in Champagne. One editor even invites Captain Sword to lend a hand to Captain Pen, so much work has this

officer to get through. Accordingly, a *piou-piou* literature is springing up; and every corporal may make his manner of saving the army or out-generalling the Prussians, heard by his countrymen. But the new French feature of the present war is—the special correspondents, of whom our Dr. Russells and Salas are the prototypes.

The French special correspondent is thoroughly unlike the English original; and, in many respects, the copy has the advantage in a comparison. The Englishman—with two or three brilliant exceptions that will readily occur to every reader—is that nondescript in letters, a descriptive reporter. He professes to be an intellectual all-in-all. He reviews the institutions of a country, with little more than the Continental Bradshaw and Murray for his informants. He pretends to be familiar with every capital which his pen besieges. He has the ear of courts; he has "reason to know" what ministers said at the last meeting of the Council. He has the fate of empires in his note-book: and unmasks the deep,

inner life of "the centre of civilization," after a stroll along the Boulevards with a *valet de place*, to read the bills upon the walls for him. Send him to Mount Ararat, and he would discover that it was an injudiciously chosen spot for the grounding of an ark. He is of opinion that the blue-nosed monkey would be improved by a tail of another colour. The leopard's spots are not distributed as *he* would have distributed them. Never, since "our own correspondent" has deemed it incumbent upon him to dispose of a dynasty before post-time, has the special correspondent had the brilliant opportunities as those which now lie thick upon his path. And it is bare justice to admit that he is equal to the occasion. The art of war which to common men, and even to soldiers of genius, must be made the anxious study of a life-time, ere it will yield all its resources up; is, to him, so plain and easy, that he rates a marshal on his blunders in the field; and compels every arm of the service to run the gauntlet of his implacable criticism, as dragoons, lancers, artillerymen,

and chasseurs pass by him on the Boulevards—the while he sips his *gloria* by the Grand Hotel.

The French "special" is a creature of quite another complexion. The Englishman is a trifle too personal, and is too fond of allusions to his razors, his socks, and his hotel bill; but on this ground he is far less sinful than the Frenchman, who has been accustomed to twirl his moustache and cock his hat in the face of his readers, for very many years past. The manners and styles of British "specials," in short, are familiar to English readers; but I venture to think that a few observations on the French, of whom M. Edmond About is the prince, will not prove uninteresting, perhaps not uninstructive at this moment. I begin with a single copy of the *Figaro*, which offers me examples of two or three styles that are in vogue; and because the position and popularity of M. de Villemessant's journal in France are about parallel with the fame and fortune of the *Daily Telegraph* in England.

The first and foremost correspondent entitles his article The Truth. It is his second communication under this heading, and he is permitted to sign it Henri Chabrillat. This permission to sign is a tempting subject, which has been very hotly discussed of late at the Grand Hotel, and at other international meeting places; but, for the present, at any rate, I forbear. Let me come to M. Henri Chabrillat, whose letter before me is his last; seeing that the law which calls every bachelor who is between 25 and 35 years of age to arms, has claimed him. Captain Pen is perforce Captain Sword—and he turns his rapier on his wrist right gallantly and cheerily. The young De Cassagnac, Mitchell, and a host of the valiant Pens, are gone to the war, under worsted epaulettes, with the tenors from the opera (Capoul, the darling of the salons, among the number), and the lovers from the theatres. Sons of Ministers are in the ranks. Duruy junior is a Turco. I have witnessed the leave-taking of numbers of young aristo-

crats, turned private lancers and dragoons, out of the luxurious ease of Jockey Club and the *Cercle Impérial.*

M. Henri Chabrillat, with other French correspondents was made prisoner; and it is his treatment in the hands of the enemy that he makes the subject of about seven columns of the *Figaro.* The recital is now descriptive—and now dramatic. The writer with his colleague Cardon, were driven from the Prussian front brutally, and with their arms bound. They were told by some Prussian officers who could speak French, that they would be hanged. Their escort spread the report that they had fired on wounded men; and, accordingly, the International Ambulance assistants—the men wearing the red cross—spat at them as they passed. But presently they reached a general (the Duke of Coburg) who ordered them to be unbound, and promised to speak to the Prince for them. Their property, with the exception of M. Chabrillat's purse, "which," he observes, "a soldier had offered

to himself," was returned to them. The soldier had disappeared. M. Cardon was presented with seven francs and a half, the change out of the few hundreds of francs in his porte-monnaie. They continued their march to the rear, encouraged and urged by insults, and strokes with the whips of the stablemen who were with the baggage. There was a child-prisoner; and when they got clear of the army, M. Chabrillat relates, he was set free "with a box on the ears for his only *potage*." A fellow-prisoner was striped "like a zebra" with the whip-blows of the savage horsemen; and he turned out to be the Notary of Woerth, and the correspondent of the International Society for Assisting the Wounded. Eleven were cast into the prison at Soultz, in a den that would have been small for four—and were left with a lump of bread each and a pitcher of water, till the morrow morning. From time to time a Prussian opened the door and counted them, as a child counts its cakes. They were called dirty Frenchmen and blackguards,

and told that on the morrow they would be shot.

But M. Chabrillat was above and before every thing, the special war correspondent of the *Figaro*. Waiting to be shot, he took out his note-book and wrote down the names of his fellow-prisoners. Printed on separate lines, they help him down one of his seven columns. In the morning the treatment of himself and M. Cardon was sensibly improved; for they were invited to breakfast with the staff of the Crown Prince, and "with exquisite politeness." On their way back to prison they fell in with the Crown Prince himself, who called them forward. The account of the interview is an excellent illustration of the French "special's" manner[1].

[1] "The officer who was conducting us said, as we crossed the court, 'Look you, if you want to see the Prince of Hohenzollern—there he is.' While we were looking, the Prince perceived us, and ordered us to approach. I confess that I was greatly embarrassed. If I draw a flattering portrait of the Prince, they will say I have sold myself to the Prussians; but were I to distort his features, in order to pander to bad passions, I

"The Prince Frederick William, is a tall, thin man, with a calm and placid face; but the curve of his aquiline nose and the tremulous nostril denote energy; and the vivacity of his eye shows decision. A flowing fair beard softens the harshness of his face. He affects severe simplicity, and a bourgeois familiarity in speech, and address. Clad in a black tunic faced with red, and with a black cap with a red band, he has no ornament save the mark of his military rank. He speaks French very purely, and without accent—save with a little German intonation, and a little hesitation over certain words.

"'Do you speak German, Monsieur?' he asked, addressing me.

"'No, Prince; not enough.'

"'I am sorry for it, since you might have

should commit an injustice, and tell a lie. I am a *reporter*—something resembling a photographer; and I shall therefore relate simply that which I saw, and what was said to me. Let those who may be discontented blame the Prince; it is not my fault if he is human. Let us hope to God that all the Germans may be like him. But unhappily it is not so."

heard how our troops speak of yours, and how highly they esteem them.'

"'I thank you for this opinion.'

"'Oh, but it is deserved; we all admired, yesterday, the courage and the tenacity that your soldiers, from the highest to the lowest grade, showed.'

"Then, with much delicacy, and almost excusing himself as retailer of the news, he told us that he had taken between 3 and 4000 prisoners, thirty cannon, six mitrailleuses, and two eagles.

"'General Raoult is among the prisoners,' he said. 'I went to see him this morning at Reishoffeim, where he lies, with his thigh fractured. I am afraid he will die to-day. He is a brave officer. He has given the address to which a letter is to be addressed to Paris.'

"'But Prince,' I said to him, 'the other prisoners have families also.'

"'I have thought of that; and I have had writing materials given to them. Their letters will be sent open, to our Consul at Geneva, who will forward them to France.'

"'We thank you, Prince, on the part of all the mothers whose fears you will quiet.'

"'I don't like war, gentlemen: if I reign, I will never wage it. Here, in spite of my love for peace, is the third campaign I have been sent to make. I went over the battle-field last night: it is fearful. If it rested with me —this war should end here. Your ministers and the Emperor willed it—we didn't wish it. And yet the Emperor *est très bon pour moi, très bienveillant pour ma femme!' Verbatim.*"

Then follows a dialogue between M. Chabrillat and the Crown Prince on the details of the fight at Woerth, in which the Prussian commander is both candid and communicative. Among the French special correspondent's fellow-prisoners was a schoolmaster of Woerth, who had been deprived of his whole fortune—some 300 francs which he carried hidden about him; and the Editor of the *Figaro* has promised, the war over, to present him with the equivalent of his loss. The Zouaves, as prisoners of war, fall under M. Chabrillat's pen, and then he comes across

M. de Solms, who gives him the true and full Prussian account of the King's famous refusal to see M. Benedetti. According to the former Secretary to the Prussian Ambassador in Paris, the King had informed the French Ambassador that he was leaving Ems at three o'clock, and would be glad to shake hands with him at the railway station. The short imprisonment of M. Chabrillat was a round of golden opportunities; that filled his note-books with precious dialogues, and rare descriptive scenes. When he came upon a group of French officers, who were prisoners like himself, one said, "We only want a civil war to complete it!" and another observed bitterly, referring to the Republican rowdyism of the Corps Législatif, "Ce serait du propre, at the moment when the energies of all should be directed against the foreigner." And it was "*du propre*," then, when with the tears in his eyes he was forced to listen to Prussian bands greeting the conqueror of Woerth with the march of triumph from

the second act of Meyerbeer's *Étoile du Nord.*

The description of the French prisoners in the Prussian camp is animated, even brilliant. The feeling of the scene is dramatically rendered. The touch of the gaoler's wife making some soup slily for the French captain, is charming. Then, when the safe-conduct comes, and the French "specials" are about to start back to France through Switzerland, the old gaoler giving them his last crust of bread, and the prisoners left behind loading them with messages,—M. Chabrillat is light, and bright, and tender. Note—instead of sending to the families of the prisoners from whom he has messages, he gives a list of their names in his correspondence! His account of his journey to Bâle has the stamp of severe truth upon it, and it reflects no credit on the enemy. At every station the prisoners were insulted by the population; and the two journalists were put, with refined cruelty, under the protection of a doctor who

passed the time in the train making impertinent observations about France and Frenchmen.

"I shall meet you again, Doctor," M. Chabrillat exclaims. And then, in a postscript, he adds, "I find, on my return home, the law which calls the men between twenty-five and thirty-five to arms. I am of the number, and I shall not let the opportunity escape me, of proving to those who spat in my face, that I happen to have a very good memory."

The evidence of Mr. Alfred Seymour as to the treatment of the French prisoners at Sedan, backed by that of Azamat-Batuk, showed that the treatment M. Chabrillat received, was mild and considerate in comparison with that suffered by the seventeen French departments over which the Prussian soldiers had run; pillaging and murdering, on their way to Paris, by the middle of September. Says Azamat-Batuk: "There is no need to mention what the troops, so full of 'regard for humanity,' did at Bazeilles. The heap of ashes and ruins occupying now the

place of the formerly prosperous borough, has been already seen and described by many an Englishman. All have seen the burned corpses of men, women, and children lying close to those of pigs, sheep, cattle, and horses; and some of them have seen, a couple of days later, German soldiers taking their meals, or sleeping close by the still-smoking bodies, as quietly as if it were round a bivouac fire. And this deliberate and cool-headed extermination of several hundreds of dwellings and families was the result of a rumour that some one had shot from a window of one of the houses upon the German soldiers. A house having been pointed out where this shot came from, its proprietors, a woman of fifty and a man of sixty, were tied together, dragged through the whole borough, and shot at one of its ends. The same fate was reserved to a priest, and the same 'regard for humanity' paid to him, consequent on the unproved rumour that some one had fired on the troops from the church."

Over all this butchery and robbery, as Hans Breitmann says,

"Dey shtop not to enquire
If dey have right or wrong,
Dey only sing de Vaterland,
Dat everlasting song."

And Mr. Carlyle lifts his cap to them!

CHAPTER VII.

THE SICK LION.

MY eye travels along the columns of an English newspaper that, when the roses were in the bud which are now in the flower, revelled in the byeways of Cæsar's palace. It was the delight of the said paper's ambassador to hint that he had held a foreign secretary by the button-hole; and that imperial lips had distilled compliments and confidences in his ear. He was the favourite who was admitted to the intimate soirées, and who had the *pas* of common paper ambassadors. It was fine weather then—and the creature spread his brightest feathers in the sun, and strutted and

fluttered to cast the rarest tints at his command upon the laughing, magnificent court. His journal basked in Imperial favour, and was warm and happy in it. Great and glorious to behold, was Cæsar—regenerator, benefactor, heaven-sent ruler of happy France!

A month of misfortune passes over Cæsar. The *salons* of the Tuileries are closed: silent. Not a footfall is heard in the furlongs of corridor. A solitary lady sits waiting her doom. And afar off, amid the blood, the turmoil, the pestilence, and all the frightful sin of war; fallen Cæsar is borne—fighting still heroically with the mortal disease which has battled with him so long—to deliver himself up the prisoner of his arch and bitter enemy—who laughed at him last night in the moment of supreme agony, through his bands[1]. Then steps up the sometime-feasted creature, to spit upon his host whose knife and fork he can never hope to play with again. Cæsar is now "an invalid adventurer."

[1] The Prussian bands mocked the defeated foe with *Partant pour la Syrie* and the *Marseillaise*.

We have been in the habit of dwelling with scorn on the ease and brass with which Frenchmen and French journalists—their representatives, sing the song of the Vicar of Bray. We point with disgust, and proper disgust, to the friends of the Orleans princes who, on the morrow of their departure from Paris, turned to the Republic, and then to the Second Empire. Our papers describe M. de Villemessant as one "who has been every thing by turns, and nothing long, from Legitimist to Imperialist, and from Doctrinaire to Republican;" and declare the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, the *Paris Journal*, and the *Liberté* to be unscrupulous journals, casting about for subscribers at any price;—but in the very journals which denounce French writers as unprincipled and sordid, are articles on the hero of yesterday, the great statesman of May last, and the best ally England ever had; which could not be surpassed in the very qualities which they denounce, and hold up to public detestation. Three months ago the entire English press recognized in Napoleon

the Third a sovereign who deserved well of his country, and an ally in whose fidelity England might trust. Under the relations established by him with this country, the ancient barriers of hate between the English and French were fast disappearing. Under the genial influence of his alliance, broad masses of our people had learned to form a just estimate of their neighbours; and the French people had ceased to jeer at the Anglais in the streets, and to caricature him as in the early years of the century. The *Anglais à Mabille* is as good-natured in conception as Leech's sketch of Parisians watching the *friture* fishing in the Seine; and between it and the Englishman refusing to pass the buckets at a fire—a sketch of the First Empire period—there lies a century. This advance from a general animosity between the leading Teuton and the leading Latin races, to a friendship that was permeating every class, was a bulwark behind which Peace was secure, Liberty was stable, and intellectual progress was certain of leisure and quiet. It was a positive and

valuable gain to the world. To hold it safe, to guard it against assault through the terrible passes of the last few months, should have been the care of all Englishmen who could in any way influence public opinion. England, who had held to a peace policy so many years, and had made sacrifices of influence and prestige, if not of honour, to it; was interested more than her neighbour in the maintenance intact of the real Anglo-French alliance which was, for the world, the best result of the Second Empire.

When the ill-omened war between France and Prussia was declared, what was the duty of the guides and exponents of English opinion? Surely to maintain the alliance between the two nations, in the first place. The war was not only ill-omened: it was a wicked, reckless unchaining of the hates long nursed, of the two foremost military nations of the world. He who loosed the dogs, or who was forced by his people to loose them, has felt the severest bite. His punishment is overwhelming. But because

the origin and originator of the war were reprehensible, was it just to wipe out with it the great deeds of eighteen years; to withdraw every past word of commendation; to drown the echoes of every old cheer, with hisses and hootings? More, was it prudent? Will it redound to the advantage of England, when men's minds shall have resumed their normal calm, and her actions in the hour of France's greatest misfortune is analysed; that the first blow which struck the sick lion, was dealt by English hoofs? It was even worse. The moment the lion showed signs of weakness, British backs veered towards him. On the morrow of the first disaster, English pens wrote "abdication." The writers who most had fawned and flattered, were the first to revile. The most fulsome panegyrists of Cæsar were the first to calumniate the ex-Emperor, Louis Napoleon, as military mad-cap—nay, coward. The special correspondents took the cue willingly—and spent their spare baggage of wit upon him. Not a generous word could I find through twenty columns: not a

memory of the old days—not an admission that the fallen monarch had been England's hearty friend, honoured guest, and liberal host. When the bitterly hostile French papers wanted a hard blow for the sick lion, they used an English hoof. Dwelling fondly on the valour and hardihood of King William sleeping on the battle-field with his soldiers, at the age of seventy-three, and supping on a plate of rice and soup after sixteen hours spent on horseback; English correspondents gathered every item of invented news which came within their reach—solely with the object of staining deeper and deeper the character of Napoleon. Their malignity took a hundred forms, directly it became evident that Prussia's was the winning side. The Empress was stealing her valuables away in ambulance waggons. A correspondent who knows no more about the interior life of the Tuileries than he knows of the after-dinner gossip of the Queen's drawing-room at Windsor, recounted day after day scandalous anecdotes of the Imperial Court, and wound

up the list on the morrow of the Empress's flight, by describing that kindly and charitable lady, whom every Republican of fair breeding respects, as one who made the Tuileries the centre meeting-house of the *demi-monde* of Europe. Amid all the hateful jests and shameless slanders and *voyou* acts that marked the 4th of September, and the week following, there is a solitary decent one. The Empress Eugenie in her flight had forgotten a bust of the Prince Imperial; and, ceasing their rage and violence for a moment, the tribunes sent it to her. Let the reader ponder awhile the positive wickedness of this random and reckless assertion that the Empress Eugenie made her court the centre of the *demi-monde* of Europe. Is it true? Every gentleman who has had the privilege of visiting that court should answer. Did Napoleon or did he not receive nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, to begin with? Is there a great or illustrious contemporary of his, who has not been his guest? Run though the Compiègne lists, year after year, and you will find, the gifted as well

as the socially great;—the gentlemen accompanied by their wives and daughters. The Imperial couple were liberal hosts, and in their invitations they comprehended the leaders in literature, art, and science. They brought painters, and men of letters, and professors, and academicians together; to meet princes and peers and senators, and ambassadors and deputies and prefects. To say that such a court was simply the central rendez-vous for the *demi-monde* of Europe, by way of throwing a stone after the poor Empress on her way to Hastings, is, to my mind, to turn journalism to the basest uses.

To talk about "that scourge of mankind who was the French Emperor," is to utter nonsense that can do no harm to reflective minds; but to strike at the fame of a lady in the bitterest hour of her life, as the leading entertainer of courtesans of her time, is to inflict a wound that is not easily healed; and that such a wound should have been dealt by an English journalist is a fact that tends to level the morality of our press with that of

France. To write of Count Palikao, on the 5th of September, as Louis Napoleon's agent; of the majority of the Corps Législatif as "*valets*," is merely weak and coarse; but when a writer asserts that the minister of war, who had been called to power under a constitutional *régime*, after the overthrow of M. Ollivier, and had acted honourably and firmly, and was known to be a man of truth and of courage; merely proposed to the Chambers a council of defence, with himself as Lieutenant-General of it, on the morrow of the Emperor's surrender, "either for his damaged master's benefit, or his own," he commits an error which deserves severe general reprobation. Suppose we, in England, treated our statesmen in this fashion? Suppose we met any shortcomings of our royal family, as English correspondents have treated Napoleon and his family, since their downfall; would the injustice be tolerated for a day? Some of our correspondents abroad have not ceased to hint that plunder has been the sole object of Napoleon's relatives, ever since his throne has

been in danger. Now and again, we have been told that they were smuggling treasures through Boulogne and Calais, and they were talked about as robbers upon whom it would be well for the French police to lay their hands at once. Well, the "sovereign people" get the upper hand. The Tuileries belong to Gavroche. He is Master of the Mint, and Governor of the Bank, and keeper of the crown jewels. Ungenerous, malignant, ungrateful, he would rather miss the finest jewel in the French crown, than the opportunity of spitting once again upon the memory of the man whom he cheered, and whose carriage he drew yesterday; and what is his disappointment? Every jewel is in its place. There is not a flaw in any diamond. The Bank cellars are safe, and there is not an article missing from the State inventory of the contents of the Tuileries. Then what becomes of all the covert hints, of the daily inuendoes, of the bold assertions against the common honesty of the now exiled Imperial Family of France? "I hear," says a corre-

spondent[2], "that very few articles of value were in it (the Tuileries) when the sovereign people took possession yesterday. But whatever else the Empress sent away, she has left the lustres, which I could see through the open windows from the Carrousel. There was hardly a window that was not wide open. This circumstance did not escape the sharp eyes of a Parisian mob. 'Il faut donner de l'air à ce bouge-là,' said a man who looked like a blacksmith. 'They do well to open the windows, but they would do better to let us in to clear away such a *foyer d'infection*[3].'"

This is to write about a blacksmith, like a blacksmith. Observe all that is hinted in this short paragraph, and let the candid reader

[2] Of the *Daily News*, Sept. 7, 1870.

[3] Of such men was the mob made up that was ready to tear Marshal Vaillant to pieces on the 16th of September, when, as a member of the Committee of Defence, he appeared making notes on the fortifications. His crime was that when arrested, on suspicion as a spy, he had declared himself to be of the *Maison de L'Empereur*. The old soldier had a narrow escape from the fury of the Republicans whom he was serving.

say whether such writing is justifiable. The correspondent has heard that the Empress has pretty well sacked the Tuileries. From whom has he heard it, and is it true? I find in the *Figaro* of Sept. 9th a paragraph to the effect that the Palace is exactly as it was, only that there is one Frenchman the less in it. In the *Gaulois* of Sept. 8th—another unscrupulous turn-coat paper—it is stated positively that none of the objects or furniture properly belonging to the Tuileries had been moved away. But let me give the paragraph.

"Aucun des objets inventoriés aux Tuileries n'a été enlevé; l'Impératrice dans sa précipitation du départ, avait oublié un buste de son fils qu'on s'est empressé de lui renvoyer.

"Toutes ces mesures font l'éloge de la courtoisie parfaite avec laquelle le nouveau préfet de police s'occupe de ses fonctions."

Who informed the English correspondent that the Empress had taken away all she could carry? A man I met on the port of Boulogne yesterday, told me that M. Pietri, the prefect of police, had been literally torn to pieces by a French mob. I confess I have

no high opinion of the mercy or morality of French mobs, and I have seen a good deal of them. But should I be justified in using this gossip of the street (since proved to be pure invention) to their disadvantage? In this quaint and pleasant watering-place where I am writing, there is a very strong Bonapartist public, and I have heard many coarse and angry things said against the Republican gentlemen who are now good enough to afford their countrymen an example of their idea of perfect government. But I do not accept and endorse and publish the *cancan* of a fishing town, and serve it up, in order to damage the Third Republic of France. I am not prepared to say that M. Gambetta is a mountebank with a fatal gift of fluency; that he only looks upon France as a very deep pocket, into which he has got his hand, at last. I am far from hinting that the Republican governor of the Bank of France should be sharply looked after, and that the sovereign people would do well to see the national balance every evening with their own eyes, before going to bed. I

am not ready to hint that M. Arago is a shady custodian of the municipal plate; and that the city service by Froment-Meurice, which was one of the glories of the Exhibition of 1867, is a costly work of art upon which that Republican has had his eye. Should General Trochu, Jules Favre, Jules Simon, Gambetta, and the rest of them, however, remain governors of France, the French public will soon be well provided with scandal about and against them. The measure which they, through their organs, have dealt to the fallen political foe, will be fully cast to them. They will be caricatured in the *Eclipses*, and the *Cloches*, and the *Journaux pour Rire*, and they will have their day of slander; and their load of sarcasms and of *persiflage*, in the *Gaulois* and the *Figaro*. It is the turn of Victor Hugo to see citizens harnessed in his carriage. But how long will his turn last? The people are not to be fed with phrases in 1870, any more than they in 1848; and let it be observed, the phrases were of infinitely better quality in Lamartine's time than now.

But my protest is against England's share in the reckless vilification of Napoleon which is the popular food of the present hour. If he is not all that Belmontet painted him, he is certainly not the figure, limmed in implacable and unreasoning hate, by Hugo.

It has been related to me, and I give the story only as a bit of gossip which I find in my journal, but whence derived I cannot remember,—that when Louis Napoleon first advanced to power, Victor Hugo sought an interview with him. The calm and penetrating mind of Napoleon saw in Hugo the politician, merely a "*tapageur*"; and left him aside; hence, the note goes on, the poet's hate, *Napoléon le petit*, and the rest of it. In the hands of some correspondents this note would make an article. I remember that when I heard it, I was very much impressed by the vraisemblance of the surroundings. But far be it from me to say that Hugo's republicanism has disappointed vanity for its mainspring, albeit he was a peer under Louis Philippe, and that he has been the chief sinner against

right and reason by his unflagging political violence. The conduct of the journal with which his name was connected, throughout the last general elections, must be fresh in the minds of the public. More scandalous misuse of power, and lower pandering to the worst passions of a mob, I cannot remember to have read. Those English readers who are anxious to form an idea of the party which has made a *coup d'état* by eleven men instead of by one man, should read the French opposition journals of last autumn and winter. That it is the old writers of the *Rappèl*, the *Réveil*, the *Marseillaise*, &c., who have reached power; who are now excellencies and prefects, and commissioners and ambassadors; should be borne in mind, by every man who wishes to study the political situation in France as it progresses. Already, indeed, the world has an example or two of the description of freedom and kind of liberalism which France would enjoy if MM. Favre, Gambetta, Ferry, and their friends, were left to rule her destinies. Since the 7th of September acts

of official violence against private individuals have been committed in Paris to an extent that can be compared only with the early days following Napoleon's *coup d'état*. *La France* (of the 9th Sep.), a moderate Liberal journal, says, that the violently formed Republic is only three days old, and has already begun to compromise itself; and this in spite of the obvious sop thrown to journalism in the shape of the remission of the stamp on newspapers[4]. How such a remission of taxation can further the defence of France against the enemy I confess that I am at a loss to imagine, and I have no doubt that it is one of the errors to which *La France* is impartial enough to refer. But one of the earliest results of the fall of the Emperor Napoleon, was the re-appearance of the *Marseillaise*. Let us glance at it.

The *Marseillaise* confesses that the government which took forcible possession of the Hôtel de Ville on the 7th September, is not

[4] *Paris Comique* proposes that the void in the Treasury should be filled by taxes on *chignons*, and Falstaff paunches.

the government of its dreams. "Most of the men who compose it, are for good reasons more than suspected by the social democrats." Some of them, we are told, played a most harmful part in the councils of the Republic of 1848, and others took a criminal share in the civil struggles of that epoch. I observed, before looking through the *France* of the 9th, that the turn of M. Favre and his friends would soon come, and that the strong and even foul language of which they have made weapons, against the fallen dynasty, would quickly reach their own persons. The *Marseillaise*, which is their own child, spits at them from its go-cart. Speaking of his Excellency M. Gambetta, the *Marseillaise* says, that "the ex-candidate of the people at Belleville begins by giving hostages to his new allies of the Chaussée d'Antin. 'Ye poor, be silent,' said the monarchy of July. 'Back, *canaille*,' says M. Gambetta, the elect of the people. Presently, life-preservers, Mazas, and exile! By keeping the people out of the National Guard, by treating them as suspected like the Garde

Mobile, Gambetta has done more for King William than Steinmetz. He deserves well of Prussia; let the people say whether he deserves well of the country."

The reader will agree that this is pretty well as a beginning, within a week of the birth of the Republic. But the *Marseillaise* (with which, M. Rochefort, become a governor, carefully informs the people, he has no connexion) is determined not to be misunderstood. Having hit a blow, just to try its strength, at his Excellency M. Gambetta, it prints a paragraph headed, "No Generosity,"—in which suppression of the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, and the *Nord* is demanded. This is the Belleville idea of free institutions. And then it explains in ominous words, "All our patriotism against Prussia; but for our enemies within the frontier, the TERROR!"

La France declares that these are most regretable exaggerations. But this is not all, nor nearly all of the bitter fruit which a week has grown. I find an article (that from which I have already quoted) in the

Marseillaise which even M. Rochefort describes as odious. It is entitled "The Reaction." This effusion, which the ex-deputy of the First Circonscription produces as a veritable provocation to civil war, is from the pen of a French general—General Cluseret; who tells his fellow-countrymen that he holds a thousand cannon and two hundred thousand muskets at the disposition of the Provisional Government. The general is too strong for M. Rochefort, member of Government; but he was not at all too pronounced for that gentleman when he was stirring up the bad passions of the least reflective part of the Paris population, a few months ago. Rochefort being planted in the Hôtel de Ville with a red scarf about his loins (a decoration he has put in his pocket by this time, I apprehend), bids his dear fellow-citizens to remember that he is no longer connected in any way with that violent organ of *émeute* and unreason, of which he is the parent.

But let me turn from the first to the third page of the *France* of the 9th. I find that a

public meeting was held on the previous evening, in the hall of the *Folies-Bergères*. Rochefort was appointed honorary president, and Millière, of mild and pleasant memory, effective president. I thought so; Lissagaray is to the fore again. He opens the ball with a letter from his friend Rochefort, who excuses himself from attending, and has become reasonable enough to recommend that political and social questions be adjourned until after the war:—and then the business begins, in the old style. A sharpshooter rises to state that General de Failly was playing at billiards at Mouzon, when his army was surprised. M. Millière's recommendation is, let us wage a war of savages against the enemy,—all means being good—in his opinion. He announces that through the initiation of the International Society, a central organization has been formed, to which delegates from every arrondissement in the capital will be sent. The object of the organization is to confer with engineers, and chemists and scientific men, indeed with all

men whose skill, or aptitude, or learning, will help to create new destructive engines with which to attack the foe. He who should be infamous enough to propose surrender should be immediately shot by citizens, formed into a council of war. Another old friend advances, to demand the dismissal of the Comte de Kératry. The Citizen Sullier deposits a series of propositions which he desires may be at once carried out. Among other minor matters, he requests that the Church may be immediately separated from the State; and all his propositions are adopted. Next, these valiant friends of free thought, free speech, and free printing, carry a command to the National Government of Self-Defence, that certain journals shall be suppressed. At another meeting held on the same day at the École de Médecine, it was resolved that republican committees should be constituted in the various *arrondissements*, and should be put in conjunction with the Maires, so that every Maire should be night and day under the eye of

every citizen whom he, municipally, represented. General Cluseret, author of "The Reaction," and who speaks behind a thousand cannon and two hundred thousand muskets, insists that delegates of the people shall be placed beside the military commanders of the forts, and indeed, near all who hold important military commands, in the defence of the capital. All this to prevent reaction! And now follows the crowning fact of the first days of liberty, fraternity, and equality in 1870.

The National Defence Committee, it is gravely reported, without comment, has been warned that a private political meeting is to be held on this same evening, in the hotel of M. Johnston, ex-deputy of the Gironde. *La France* reports—an order was hereupon immediately despatched by the prefect of police to the military, to surround the hotel, and prevent any person from leaving it. The officer in command was received by Messrs. Johnston and Calhouët. "On the word of honour of these gentlemen being given that

they would not debate questions antagonistic to the line of conduct which the actual government had followed, the officer retired, leaving the gates of the hotel free[5]."

Here are a few facts collected from the papers of the Thursday and Friday immediately following the establishment of the third French Republic. The personal government of Eleven is exceedingly like the personal government of One, in regard to its severities; and the appearance of a mob of two or three thousand men on the Boulevards on the 8th, to protest against the violence of the tone of the *Marseillaise*, only suggests a coming conflict—more days of June, after these days of February.

"This makes me think," wrote Madame Emile de Girardin, in her *Lettres Parisiennes*, "of a young Prince, prisoner at Strasbourg, whose audacious attempts we were far from foreseeing. Louis Bonaparte is full of honour

[5] These gentlemen afterwards denied that they had any assurance of the kind.

and good sense; it could only be the *ennui* of exile which inspired him with the foolish idea to war, and be Emperor in France. Poor young man! it was more pleasure to him to be a captive in his own country than free in a foreign land. When one has blood and a name like his, inaction is hard to bear. Had they but given him right of citizenship in France, he had perhaps been contented. We have often heard him say that all his ambition was to be a French soldier, and gain his grade in our army—that a regiment would suit him better than a throne. *Eh! Mon Dieu!* it was not a kingdom he came to look for here, it was only a country.

"We have often known him to laugh at the royal education which had been given him. One day he gaily told us, that in his childhood his great pleasure was to water flowers; and that his governess, Madame de B——, fearing lest he should catch cold, had the watering-pot filled with warm water! 'My poor flowers,' said the Prince, 'they never knew the freshness of the waters! I was but an infant

then, and still the precaution appeared ridiculous to me!' He never could speak of France without a tender feeling, and in this he resembles the Duke of Bordeaux. We were at Bonn when he heard the news of Talma's death. Every one began at once to deplore his loss, and to tell all they knew about the great actor, and speak of all the characters in which they had seen him. Whilst he was listening to us, who was then scarcely sixteen, he stamped his foot with impatience and said, with tears in his eyes, 'To think that I am a Frenchman and have never seen Talma!'

"They say that on the day of his appearance at Strasbourg, Prince Louis, intoxicated by his first moment of success, despatched a courier to his mother to say he was master of Strasbourg, and about to march on Paris. Three days after he received in prison the answer of the Duchess of St. Leu, who, believing him to be entirely victorious, entreated him to preserve the royal family from the fury of his partisans, and to treat the king

with the utmost possible respect. This shows us how far illusions can be carried among those who live far away from us; and that exiled princes are deceived as much as others."

This extract might be taken for a text, for it is an admirable summary of the character of Louis Napoleon. It discovers him in all his moods: it shows every side of him. The sound sense of the child, protesting against the warm water for the flowers; the military ardour and ambition of the young man; the passionate love of France which, as Madame de Girardin says, he shared with the Duke of Bordeaux; the adventurous spirit, too prone to estimate others by his own standard, and therefore often deceived, and at last, lost; with a mind capable of delighting in the charms of literature, the beauties of art, and therefore stung with regret at the idea that he could never see Talma; tender as a woman in his domestic relations, braving every peril to reach the bedside of his dying mother; and withal, stern and steady of purpose, dominated by a fixed idea, and faithful to it

through childhood, youth, and manhood, and in the sickness of approaching age; with an intellect cool, and piercing and orderly: the world is now led to contemplate the spectacle of such a man, overwhelmed by a misfortune, for the parallel of which, we must recall the closing chapter of a great life which opened on the deck of the *Bellerophon* in 1815. But even the fall of the first Bonaparte was not equal in the anguish of mind which it suggests, to that of the woful man who is now the prisoner of King William of Prussia.

A child of genius comes to you, walking upon air in his enthusiasm; and lays his picture, in every light of which lies an atom of his soul, before you. His face is flushed, his glowing eyes seek yours, he is striving with might and main to read in your heart of hearts. What say you of this outpouring of the divinity within him? You fall to praising his verse, turning your back upon the picture. You dwell on its noble cadences, its purity, its brightness, the many facets of its dazzling truth. And every word stabs him,—for his

soul lies in the painting. To such agony in his later day, Sainte-Beuve confessed.

He gave the world his prose, because it made light of his poetry; but with how sad a heart did he write that rich and massive French in which he crystallized a life of untiring scholarship. It was in the nature of things that Sainte-Beuve, the scholar and the poet, should have warmed to a man of Louis Napoleon's mould. It is impossible for a poetic mind to approach such a figure, about which a tremendous history is massed, without feeling a strong interest in it. It has struck me that the suffering, the yearning, the disappointment which shadowed the lives of both, was the same suffering, the same yearning, the same disappointment, in both. You see, Madame de Girardin relates that Louis Napoleon as a young man told her at a time when it never appeared likely that words of his would much disturb the world's ear; that all his ambition was to be a French soldier—that a regiment would suit him better than a throne. And the world will

not have him as a soldier. The world never would accept him as a military genius. Even when most successful as a general, he found himself opposed, derided, defamed. Never was a commander-in-chief of a great victory treated with such impetuous, persistent, searching hatred and contumely, as befell the conqueror of Solferino, under the hands of Mr. Kinglake. The chapters in which the brilliant English writer has dealt with the soldiership of Louis Napoleon in Italy, will stand forth now imposing witnesses against him. They who delight in dances round sick lions, will hold up Mr. Kinglake's book, and ask what you say now? They will have no more judgment of their own building in military science than the last *Moblot* called under the republican flag of France. But unfortunately the vast proportion of people now-a-days, wear ready-made opinions just as they wear ready-made clothes; and therefore Kinglake's verdicts on Louis Napoleon's Italian campaign will be henceforth accepted in this country, without examination, as the

general verdict on Louis Napoleon the soldier.

I am not in the least prepared to argue that Napoleon the Third was a great, or even a good, general. Recent facts are overwhelmingly against him, so far as we know. The miscalculation of the French military strength apart, his entire campaign from Paris to Sedan, begun and ended in a month, appears to have been an unbroken series of blunders. It would be inconceivable that the chief of the State should have been misled as to the number of his troops, had not the very anger and virulence of his enemies in his misfortune, almost proved that it was so. Can any thing, to the English mind, be more absurd than the declamatory harangues of the Left on this subject? Every deputy who convicted the Emperor of wilful deceit, or of incompetency, in declaring war against Prussia with little over two hundred thousand effective soldiers at his command, condemned himself. The sources of knowledge were open to all. It should

have been surely the duty of every paid deputy of France to inquire for himself into the exact strength of each arm of the military service. When Marshal Lebœuf asserted that not a strap would be wanted to a *piou-piou's* gaiter, if the war lasted a year, why was there no independent deputy ready with information to convict him? How was it that when the Duc de Grammont was about to declare war, there was no opposition member of the legislative body, who had provided himself with exact information on the force which the Emperor would command in the field? That the Napoleon himself was the dupe of false servants, of traitors to their country, of men who deserve the execration of humanity, there is this best proof: he had more than any other man to lose by failure, and by failure he has suffered a fall greater than that of his uncle. It is not unjust that he should bear the whole weight which bows him to the earth. He should not have been deceived. His error has caused rivers of blood to flow, has

desolated great provinces, spread mourning through the pleasant land of France, and planted a sorrow in every home of the Empire that only four months since hailed him sovereign for the second time.

But this being said, the worst is said. When we find his late panegyrists not content with recording his error, and chronicling the immense extent of his punishment; covering him with mud, calling him thief and coward, and charging him with treason to the nation which he has passionately loved through his life, and of which he was the brilliant ruler for eighteen years, it is common honesty to enter a protest.

A list of the French journalists who fell upon the sick lion, and a notice of their forms of violence, would occupy too much space. We are told that when the mob was in the Tuileries' gardens, the Empress Eugenie was alone in the palace with Madame Lebreton and M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. The waves of the storm were up to the gilded windows, and every rat was

out of the ship: every rat having run away laden with booty. Even the Empress's private effects were stolen by her ignoble servants, who are now, probably, fiercest among the republicans. • M. Pietri rushed in to tell his Imperial mistress to fly, and then decamped to save his own skin[6]. The lady was absolutely abandoned, and crept through the silent corridors to the street, to a cab, to the house of her one trusty friend, to whom all honour; and thence, in the night, to Belgium and to England. Where were the crowds of dignitaries who had been wont to fill the Hall of Marshals, the bestarred hosts

[6] M. Pietri knew the people with whom he had to deal. A fortnight later, when the Prussians were arriving under the walls of Paris, the *Figaro* published a paragraph, based on a note from a Mobile, to the effect that M. Pietri's son, who was in command of Mont Valérien, had said in reply to an observation, that there was not enough food or ammunition in the fort, to hold out against the Prussians. "Very well then—we'll let them in." This outrageous insinuation is made more damaging by the remark that there were reports too bad to be believed even when well corroborated.

of the Second Empire? When this question shall be answered, it will be time to ask how it came about that on the 4th and 5th of September there was not a pen in all France to defend the honour of Napoleon III. From the sinking ship ran not only spangled rats, but rats ink-begrimed and with quills between their sharp teeth. It is a sorry, sorry history, that men should in the sacred name of Liberty commit the most dastardly acts; that the cultivated and highly gifted should use all their power to selfish ends, and revile and defame to-day the man they fawned on yesterday. It was sickening to read in the *Figaro* the shameless jests of its witlings levelled at King William's prisoner. When I quote the *Siècle* as affording the best sample of the violence with which writers of repute did not scruple to speak about Louis Napoleon on the morrow of his fall, it is not because I would confound the opposition of this journal with those of the literary rats. *Le Siècle* has

always and consistently opposed Napoleon's *régime*, and denounced even his most improved methods of government. But let the reader judge from this specimen what the average of Republican journalism has been since the 4th of September:—

"Now that the shame of serfdom is abolished, now that justice has been done on the despotism imposed by the traitor of December 2nd, by the sinister mountebank who lost the army; now that France has raised the unconquerable banner of the Republic; now that we can die for a free country,—to arms! to arms! every man."

Further on the Emperor is called, "the wretched hero of Strasbourg and Boulogne and the 2nd of December," and reference is made to his "dastardly abjection." He is described as skulking in Sedan, and delivering himself up as a prisoner to the King of Prussia after getting the heroic French army massacred. The *Siècle* continues:—

"If even he had had the courage to get himself killed at the head of a regiment. But no. This man

preferred to deliver himself up like a coward. History will brand this ignoble flight of the last of the Bonapartes. It will efface their names from the roll of the army, to enrol them in the category of cowards. It is reported that the King of Prussia, on receiving the Emperor's sword, said, 'Take back to him that virgin sword: it was never the sword of a French officer.' An hour after a *calèche*, with green and gold liveries, brought to the German head-quarters a man dressed as a general, with a *képis* on his head and a cigarette in his mouth. It was Napoleon III. Not a word more of him."

Who reported that the above were the King of Prussia's words? What justifies the assertion that the Emperor delivered himself up like a coward, or that he skulked round Sedan? Is it likely that one syllable of the speech put into the King of Prussia's mouth, would have been uttered by him under any circumstances? If the *Siècle* had no authority for this onslaught on a defenceless man who had been the honoured sovereign of the country for eighteen years, where shall we find the words strong enough to qualify the publication of such a paragraph as that I have quoted? The correspondent of the *Pall Mall*

Gazette, however, is responsible for the chief part of the material on which French writers (Imperialists yesterday and Republicans to-day). have embroidered pictures of Louis Napoleon—the Coward! It would seem that we were determined to have more than our share in the mischief which was brewing for the future at the battle of Sedan. The *Pall Mall* correspondent from the battle-field is not solemn nor even serious over the three great days of blood. He chirps and twitters and hops about the field, and where he touches upon the great prisoner, must remind many readers of the bitter lines in the "Rhin Allemand":—

"Combien au jour de la curée,
Étiez-vous de corbeaux contre l'aigle expirant."

To sympathetic men, there is something inexpressibly sad in the words, with which the Emperor Napoleon laid his sword at the feet of King William:—

"Ne pouvant pas mourir à la tête de mon armée, je viens mettre mon épée aux pieds de votre majesté."

The *Pall Mall* raven chatters, "Why Napoleon III. could not die as did thousands of his soldiers, sword in hand, with his face to the foe, is not clear." The idea which it is the design of the writer to suggest, cannot be mistaken. He calls Louis Napoleon a coward by implication, and gives not the least reason for the charge. It is the same pen that describes the Emperor as the "invalid adventurer" whom he saw on his way to lay his sword—"his unsheathed sword"—at the feet of King William. I ask, is a public writer justified by any thing short of conclusive evidence, in piling insults like these upon the head of a sovereign with whom his country had been in close alliance for many years, and who had been the guest of his Queen?

And now, for the truth of this charge, implied by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and deliberately and fully stated by the *Siècle*, without the smallest authority or justification that the whole body of Republican journalists in France, or of Prussian advocates in England, are able to find; while the Emperor's aide-

de-camps, and all who saw him, give witness that it is a falsehood. The official *Staatsanzeiger* of Berlin, of September 8th, says, "According to reliable information—viz. the statements of eye-witnesses — the Emperor Napoleon, at the battle of Sedan, exposed himself to our fire in such a manner, that his intention indubitably was to seek death."

This is the way in which his enemies speak of him, chivalrously explaining his words—the sad words—with which he handed his sword to their King. It redounds indeed to the honour of the Germans that they have rescued the fame of their prisoner for courage from the slurs of English correspondents and the reckless and base malignity of the literary rats from his sunken ship. One German correspondent gives evidence that the Emperor charged the Bavarians four times at the head of his troops, at Balan. Another avers that he was in the fight from six in the morning until three in the afternoon; and that his staff had the greatest difficulty in drawing him from the field when the battle had be-

come hopeless. It is established beyond doubt that on the morning of the battle of Sedan, Louis Napoleon rose with the fixed idea of reaching his grave that day. But death would not touch him. Men were killed all around him. One fell at his side. He was at hand when MacMahon was struck, and the balls and the shells and the splinters spared him to be the sport of those cruel, heartless, shameless *chroniqueurs* whose hand is against all men as they fall. It was reported immediately after his surrender that the Imperial Guard had been kept through the campaign wasting its strength in protecting him. In the *Figaro* of September 17 (the calumny having served its purpose) a protest is inserted against the statement as "absolutely false." "The Ex-Imperial Guard," we are told, "has never ceased to do its duty. Since the beginning of the war the Guard has been without intermission under the exclusive command of Bazaine."

I have said that the fall of Napoleon the Third[7] is even a more terrible one than that

[7] An occasional correspondent of the *Times* (Sep-

of his uncle; it is so, for these reasons. Napoleon the First was a military genius of the highest order, and fifty glorious fights and conquests of unprecedented magnitude and magnificence were laid in the page of history, to prove it to all posterity. He had quaffed his cup full of glory, and of the glory which he most coveted. He had been famous in the way in which he had hungered to be

tember 6th), writing from Bouillon, says, "I noticed, among the members of the military household, M. Caumont, the well-known hairdresser of the Rue Rivoli. M. Caumont, like other Frenchmen, holds theories, and he communicated to me his views respecting the want of discipline for which the French army seems to have been remarkable throughout the war. 'Communism,' according to M. Caumont, is at the bottom of it all. The soldiers hate superiority, think themselves the equals of their chiefs, and, without refusing to obey them, do not execute orders. 'The spirit of Communism, after destroying civil society in France, is now,' argues M. Caumont, who has been in attendance upon His Majesty from the beginning of the campaign, 'corrupting or has already corrupted its military system.' 'Where was the Emperor during yesterday's battle?' I asked M. Caumont. 'For several hours, towards the end of the action,' he replied, 'he stood behind a battery and pointed guns himself.'"

famous; and when he fell, and had been put aside to die on a rock, he could feed still upon the past—as in the winter, it is said, the bear feeds upon its fat paws grown in summer time. The world had praised him for excellence in that which he held in the highest reverence, and which had been the passion of his life. Heart and soul a soldier, he had made himself the greatest captain of modern times.

I am much mistaken in my estimate of the character and genius of Louis Napoleon if it has not been the passionate hope of his life to be as great a captain as his uncle. Madame de Girardin shows him to us when he was a boy, and tells us how his longing was to be a French soldier, and to be at the head of a regiment rather than on the throne of a kingdom. Let those who are curious as to his early history consult Mr. J. A. St. John's spare and thin life of him; for even there they will find that he was adventurous and courageous as a youth, and that he knew what fighting and hair-breadth escapes meant, in

Italy, and long before he went to Strasbourg or Boulogne. But every epoch of his life, so far as I have been able to examine it, appears to me to show that with many other intellectual qualities of more than a common order, he has before all, and deeper than all, those of soldier.

I remember that during the Crimean War, happening to breakfast with my friend, Commandant Minié, in the fort of Vincennes, he told me that, having been on the previous morning to the Tuileries to submit a series of models of bullets to the Emperor, His Majesty had gone so thoroughly into the subject that he kept him to breakfast; and that afterwards they were occupied testing the relative force of various forms of bullets. The commandant was at the moment very confident about the astonishing results to be obtained from a screw bullet which he projected with his breath through a steel tube, and far into a deal plank, with ease. The Emperor and he, as he told me, had spoiled some beautiful wainscotting in their experiment. The

care with which he associated himself with every military improvement, the patience and anxiety with which he examined every new weapon, and caused it to be tested; his laborious life of Cæsar; his early study of artillery; and the untiring zeal with which he looked after all that concerned his soldiers; the formation of the magnificent camp at Boulogne in 1855, and his yearly sojourn at Chalons; show that his heart was in military life, and that he understood how, albeit he had proclaimed the Second Empire to be peace, the French people still insisted on associating the name of Bonaparte with their military glory—and how they looked to him to make his reign memorable by a "supreme vengeance" that should efface the humiliation of Waterloo. It is now the interest of his enemies to say that the war with Prussia is purely a dynastic war; and by this to throw upon him the whole responsibility of recent disasters. The truth, and the whole truth, about the deficiencies in the numbers of men and the supplies, cannot be known for some

time to come. But this very impossibility serves the turn of Napoleon's unscrupulous maligners, and they unhesitatingly put him forth as captain of the forty thieves of France. Deriving the boldest statements, as usual, from English journals, under the words, "Treason and Pillage," in big letters, the *France du Nord* of the 17th September pretends to give a key to the whole mystery. Of late years, we are told, Napoleon's civil list could not meet the expenses of his extravagant court, his bounties to his creatures, and the cost of the secret service he was forced to maintain. To cover the deficiency two millions sterling were coolly deducted from the Minister of War's budget, and handed to the Emperor. This theft—it would be preposterous to call it by any milder name—was covered by false entries of purchases of material, &c., for the army, and by putting paper soldiers in the place of the conscripts, who paid money into the public treasury for substitutes. Thus it came to pass that regiments which appeared to be two thousand strong often could not muster

fifteen hundred men. The clothing and rations of the paper soldiers were, it is alleged, entered in the yearly budgets; so that it is easy to see how the two millions sterling which the Emperor pocketed, were covered. When the Napoleon found himself compelled to become a constitutional monarch, he is represented to have been in the position of a fraudulent clerk, whose books were about to be examined. In order to avoid the discovery of his frauds through his parliament, he and his creatures resolved to go to war. A glorious campaign would enable him to put parliamentary government aside, or to scrape up the Imperial defalcations in the military expenses. Marshal Lebœuf hoped to obtain just one victory with his limited army, and then to sign a glorious peace.

He was, together with the Emperor's creatures, in the secret, and they all knew that they must sink or swim by this first victory. When the master steals, the men also steal as they please. But Emperor and Minister of War found that they could not rely even on the men whom they had bought. There

were neither food nor ammunition to enable the army to cross the Rhine and achieve this first victory. The correspondent who sent this explanation of the French *fiasco* on the Rhine to the *Daily News*, gives it with the usual explanation, that he had had it from persons behind the curtain who were in a position to know the truth. He adds that it is confirmed by the sudden fortunes of which the adherents of the Emperor became possessed. You see how the French editor jumps to a conclusion, and fortifies his sudden Republican zeal (he was Imperialist yesterday) by quoting from an English newspaper. The Emperor is a thief on a great scale;—and what more or less is stated against the Princess Mathilde in another paper? Republicans are informed that cases filled with millions were stopped at Dieppe, and that thus the vigilance of the authorities prevented so much plunder by her Imperial Highness. It happened, unfortunately for the scandal-mongers, that the Princess was at the time the guest of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, who

is not a gentleman to be trifled with when any person under his roof is concerned. He has the habit of putting his dots on his i's sharply. He saw the slander in the *Journal de Rouen*, and answered.

"I have had the honour of visiting the Princess Mathilde for more than ten years. I have learnt to know her, and this I can tell you. I don't know whether the cases which have been seized contained fifty-one millions in gold and silver or not; but I think not. People who wished to export fifty millions are not clumsy enough to pack them in cases, knowing very well that there are not porters at railway stations strong enough to carry them. But that which I take upon myself to state without further instruction than my observation during ten years, is that if the cases seized contained any thing whatever which France had a right to claim, they were not in the possession of Madame la Princesse Mathilde. If the Princess has left our country, be certain that she has left much behind her, and has smuggled nothing from it. There is not one who knew her intimately but is ready, like myself, to be guarantor of her disinterestedness and of her loyalty."

The Rouen newspaper would not be satisfied, but reiterated the charge with greater precision, and added that after an embargo had been laid upon the Princess's luggage, two

large cases containing property to the value of two millions were put into luggage-van No. 50. But this is not all. On the morrow of the seizure more of the Princess's seized luggage arrived at Rouen, on its way from Dieppe to Paris. These cases, the *Journal de Rouen* alleges, contained some of the important pictures missing from the Louvre. The *Sémaphore*, another disseminator of scandal, announced, at the same time, that the Princess had been arrested, just as she was about to escape with thirty millions in cheques. Alexandre Dumas the younger is audacious enough to return to the charge, in defence of the accomplished friend whom he has known ten years. He bites it in beginning by reminding the editor of the *Journal de Rouen* that his first communication in defence of the Princess was also his first contribution to the journal. He laments that he is most unfortunate.

"I beg you, sir, to contradict an accusation, and not only do you reiterate it, in very courteous terms, it is true, but you bring a

fresh one. Here am I, then, compelled to defend the Princess Mathilde again, although she is a Princess, and we are under a republic. As I don't wish to protract this discussion, I will limit myself to the following declaration:—if it be averred that the Princess Mathilde has carried off, or only attempted to carry off, out of France, any thing—gold, diamonds, pictures, or works of art, or other property which are not known to have been her property for years, purchased out of her private purse,—I demand to be accused with her, as her accomplice. If the alleged fact be false, I only ask from your good faith, which has been imposed upon, the plain and simple statement in the columns of your paper, that you have been misinformed."

Quoted in the *Figaro*, I find M. Dumas' letter printed with a note, to the effect that the cases seized at Dieppe contained only some of the correspondence of the Imperial family. More, according to the *Moniteur*, the Princess left Paris with five thousand francs—which she borrowed from a friend!

People who can behave with this fickleness, this lack of generosity, this meanness towards all members of a family covered by one tremendous common misfortune; are not likely to be nice when letters fall into their hands. We are told it was the correspondence of the Imperial family that fell into the hands of the authorities at Dieppe. In France, the light is fierce indeed that beats about a throne, —fierce and scorching. In dealing with the fallen dynasty of Napoleon, the republican authorities have not shown one isolated little incident of consideration or compassion. Why should the correspondence of the Imperial family be seized at Dieppe, carried back to Paris, and put into the hands of hostile and savage republican commissioners? In such a proceeding, where is to be seen veneration for the principles of liberty; where is the fraternity; above all, where is the equality? Would it not have been worthier of the memory of the republican heroes of France and of England, had M. Favre and his colleagues respected the correspondence of the

exiled family, and shown that at any rate under free institutions like those which they were pretending to establish, the seal of a letter is a holy bond? Instead of this chivalrous conduct, that would have been an honourable trait in the character of the leading men of the third Republic; we find an indecent haste exhibited in the rifling of Napoleon's correspondence, and a positive yell among the obscurer papers, for a first taste of any thing scandalous and defaming which it might contain.

But the crowning example of the recklessness of public assertion when levelled against the fallen sovereign is that which followed the capitulation at Sedan.

Napoleon was not only a coward and a dolt—he was a traitor. He had drawn Marshal MacMahon away from Chalons, and towards Sedan and Bazaine; not because he deemed it the best strategical movement, to save Paris the shame and ruin of a siege; but because he deemed it the best plan to serve his own interests. He knew that he could

not return to Paris after his defeats, without having struck a great blow and obtained a great victory in the provinces. By drawing MacMahon off to effect a junction with Bazaine, he gave himself the chance, on the one hand, of fighting a great independent battle, that would enable him to over-ride triumphantly the hostile politicians in Paris; and on the other, to make good his retreat from France, with a great body of devoted adherents. Treason! shouted all the organs of the press, and

"Napoléon
Est un fainéant,"

sang Gavroche in the streets. People could not pause to weigh the truth or falsehood of the report. The man who was a coward, would naturally be a traitor; and having sold his country, would ride away in a spendid carriage with outriders to prison, twirling his moustache, and smoking his cigarette. This story was greedily accepted, for another reason. It saved the *amour-propre* of Frenchmen. They could say that France would have

beaten Prussia with ease, and would have marched direct on Berlin, had her armies been loyally and skilfully led. The Prussians had not thrashed France, they had bought her; and Louis Napoleon had struck the bargain. Not only was he an execrably bad general, but he was, morally, a monster.

Treason! and Pillage! The *France du Nord* explains the misfortunes of the country in these words, making the Bonaparte both the traitor and the despoiler. For days the falsehood passes current, spreads, and sinks through every class, and is soaked up by every mind. It serves the Republican turn admirably well. It is any number of nails in the coffin of Bonapartism. It had been reported that Marshal MacMahon, the hero of the two great disasters of the campaign, was dead. Had it been so, had the splendid soldier who fought Magenta been killed on the murderous 1st of September; this story, dishonouring Napoleon, might not have been cleared up within the time of the living generation. But, fortunately, the Marshal survives. Recovered

sufficiently from his wound to write, he unconsciously disposes of the charge of treason against his late Imperial master. He states that he received the orders to break up the camp at Chalons, and to proceed to the relief of Bazaine, from the Government of Defence in Paris.

This statement is, let it be understood, a wholly fortuitous destruction of the calumny which had been industriously circulated. Unfortunately, calumnies travel apace, and their refutation, however complete, comes limping very slowly after them.

The direct charges against the Emperor, which followed closely upon the capitulation of Sedan, were, however, few when compared with the crop of vague insinuations and detestable suggestions, with which the public mind was fed day by day! A paper that lies before me asserts that all foreign papers and correspondents agree in their sentiments of profound disgust for the shameful attitude assumed by Louis Napoleon at his fall. It is alleged that he showed a complete absence of

dignity, and that neither by word nor act, nor expression, did he betray the slightest sensibility in presence of the innumerable victims of his folly. He had not a single word of regret for the condition to which he had reduced France. "Ah," cries the provincial journalist, hoping to touch the villagers of his department, "will this lesson succeed in curing certain of our rural population of the Napoleonic idolatry?" Now the evidence of foreign newspapers and correspondents, violently hostile as it is to the ex-Emperor, is conclusive as to the profound dejection of King William's prisoner. He was written upon through almost every league of his journey from Sedan to his prison; and at every point we find him bearing deep marks of his fall,—at one station touched to tears, but always full of that dignity for which, when he was master of the Tuileries, his enemies of the press could not refuse him credit. Napoleon has always been distinguished among his fastidious countrymen as retaining that which is now so rare among them, namely, the fine and

polished manners of the French gentleman of the old school. A master of courtesy, and of forms, was he likely to fail in these? But every thing at hand is a fair weapon, when our neighbours have a government, a dynasty, or a favourite of whom they are tired, to overthrow. Let us remember how they treated poor Lamartine—how indeed they have always treated those whom they have exalted; for, it is in this study we shall light upon the key to their history since the first Revolution. They are fond of flowers, and they are the first to cast them out of window when the first faint brown line appears upon the edge of the petals. They carry their intellectual men high, and we applaud them while they do homage; but while one faction is hitching the statue upon the pedestal on the north, the opposite faction is adjusting the scaffolding to haul it down, on the south. We take twenty years to forget a public servant, and they—two journeys of the hand round the clock. In this war they have paid the penalty of this radical defect in the national character.

One of the reasons which England gave for not venturing far in early peace negotiations was this national fickleness, of which Napoleon is the last victim.

I have run rapidly through a few of the reckless charges that have been brought against Napoleon the Third since the 1st of September. He is a strong man; he knows the French character to the core. He is of patient mind, and sick as he is, will wait to put himself right in regard to the malversation, the deceit, and the selfishness which are alleged against him. The denial of his investments in Dutch railways and other funds, including the seven millions sterling "everybody" knew he had in British stocks, came from his secretary M. G. Pietri. But his sorrows' crown of sorrows remains behind, outweighs and overshadows every thing. Laud him to the skies as an administrator, set out all his merits as a statesman, estimate his high deserts as a courageous free-trader; present him to the admiration of his contemporaries as a clear and masculine writer, and

as an earnest and able student of social questions, and he will receive the panegyric sadly—sadly as his friend Sainte-Beuve met the applause which greeted his rich and graceful prose. The poet was heavy-hearted. And now, Bonaparte is bowed to the earth, remembering that, let his final measure of glory in history be what it may, it cannot be as a soldier that he will command even a peppercorn of praise. It was the passion of his being when he was a boy, when in exile, when in prison, when commanding legions of the finest soldiers in the world; to become illustrious in the wake of his uncle, as a born captain of fighting men. He has shone in the council-chamber, and in the study; but—there is unutterable woe, which is lead upon his heart! he has failed, utterly failed, in the field!

The Bonaparte bears quartered,—the right square with six golden stars placed two by two; the left gules, with golden lions rampant,—and a sable eagle scared issuing from it. Scared, indeed, is that well-known

sable eagle, that has been ever rising since, as we are told by the antiquary, it was carved centuries ago on the entrance door to the tomb of the Bonapartes at Majorca!

CHAPTER VIII.

PARIS BESIEGED.

I WONDER how opinions have been running the last few months at the Academy. I am not pointing to the Institute of France, nor to any other learned body known to the world. I am not venturing to speculate on the thoughts and emotions of the palm-embroidered elderly gentlemen whose head-quarters are—or were the other day—at the Latin end of the Pont des Arts. They spoke well in their protest against the destruction, by the barbarous hand of war, of the archives of learning, the buildings in which art-treasures which are the property of the

whole civilized world are housed; against the annihilation of the fruits of genius by the powder blight which had passed—deadlier than any locust swarm—from the Rhine to M. Thiers' fortifications. My Academicians are of a noisier order, and of less dignified exterior.

In the Rue St. Jacques, my Academy holds its sittings. L'Académie is a wine-shop—an estaminet—an absinthe lounge: and the Academicians are forty full-bellied barrels ranged round the hall of conference. The laughing, self-sufficient, pleasure-loving, all-knowing students of the Quartier Latin, driven from the old haunts through which Boulevards have been pierced; have taken up their head-quarters in the picturesque Rue St. Jacques—and in the company of forty barrels of strong waters. Here they are at ease to babble as they list over their pipes; and put every human interest, every public ambition, every book, every picture, every speech and lecture in the crucible.

He who thinks of the coming France will

find *l'Académie* a sad scene. The everlasting *persiflage*, the low ebb of the morality, the ostentatious unbelief, the boasting, the *blague*, are well nigh insufferable to the most tolerant bystander.

Over the absinthe, about six in the evening, the young men crowded in the Académie, settle every thing. They make and break the reputations of their statesmen, their patriots, their philosophers, their professors, and their men of letters. Each knows best about every thing; and patters the pensum of the morning. It is the thing to chaff or make speeches in Latin. They are big, swaggering schoolboys, but unfortunately, for France, only sparely gifted with that generosity of heart and brain which we are accustomed to associate with youth. They are *petit-maîtres* of the most hateful kind. Let the man who wishes to know exactly how it has come to pass that France has fallen back before the Teuton hordes, turn in to this Academy when Paris is free again. It is *the* schoolroom of the present day. Here will he find the nature

of the scholar lowered and perverted; and the strength gained in the school in the morning, wasted in heartless banter over that curse of modern France—absinthe. He will seldom hear generous motives attributed to any public servant. The fickleness is cultivated, and there is a delight that is almost fiendish in the tearing of the idol of yesterday to pieces.

The reader can imagine the excitement that must have prevailed at the *Académie* during the last few months. A whole gallery of public men have passed through its capacious crucible. It is *Vive Ollivier!* with the first glass of absinthe, and *à bas Ollivier!* with the second. A youth, with the down hardly apparent on his chin, had a cheer for the Emperor who is going to lead the French army into Berlin; and he growls *à bas Badinguet*, or *Boustrapa*, while he shakes the ashes from his pipe. He is capable neither of calm reflection nor of gratitude, but is always ready for a song in the street, and a noisy bout with the *sergent de ville*. He is a *moblot* now, decidedly not wanting in physical

courage, and seriously determined to do his best against the enemy of his country, being quite unconscious that the worst enemy his country has is himself. To his Academy, the first news of the reverses must have been borne, accompanied with ready-made execrations. Lebœuf, whose moustachios were to have frightened the enemy yesterday, and to whose success the glasses of absinthe were cliqued a few hours ago, is knave and traitor and thief. None of the roystering company will interpose a doubt. *Cancans* are imported by the bushel, and they are all defamatory. The man who had been guiding the destinies of the country for twenty years, and had made it richer and more powerful than it had ever been before, is an object of scorn in a few passes of the clock. When he conquered, these boys shouted on his path, and it was they who clamoured for the conqueror of Solferino to avenge Waterloo. It was they who revived the *Chant du Départ*, and the *Rhin Allemand*—the very fact of the existence of the latter song being witness against the shamelessness

of their injustice. For, how many years have passed and gone, since the evening when Alfred de Musset was challenged to answer the German's boasting song—years during which every Frenchman has been longing for the day, and believing in it, when German maidens should again be the Hebes, to pour the rich droppings of the Rhine grape to the Latin conquerors. It was they who went roaring and shouting along the Boulevards at the first faint whispers of the great war; and so whipped the passions of the multitude that peace became beyond the control of Napoleon. Boastful singers then, they now tell you, in the hour of disaster, that they wanted no war; and they draw together, and tell each other that it was the Emperor who made all the mischief, and then ran away from it—a coward and a traitor! One, knows that he has stolen off with two hundred millions, which he has safely landed in England: another, has the best reason for stating that *Badinguet* has put a trifle of five millions in Dutch railways: a third can assure the society that the Empress

didn't leave a wax candle in the Tuileries. Then, again, Ollivier is as great a rascal as his Imperial master. Nobody present is mild enough to say that he was wanting in judgment, or that he was feeble, or that he was over-confident in his own abilities: to one and all, he is simply a rogue, and they boast that three or four of them have had the opportunity of dancing round him, singing the *Air des Lampions*. Had any man of cool-blooded race ventured to observe, through the absinthe fumes, that before the war, the Emperor had granted constitutional government, with Ministers responsible to the Chambers; and that therefore he could not be held responsible for the war; and moreover, that he was known to have been opposed to it throughout—to have gone reluctantly to the army, and at parting, to have addressed the only prudent words of warning to the people which they heard before hostilities began; the probability is that he would have been set upon as a spy, for France is never at fault. The people never make a mistake; and therefore, when public

misfortunes happen, the men who are at the head of affairs are knaves, and nothing but knaves, to be riddled with the small shot of the wits of the Academy. The public servants who threw themselves into the breach when the Ollivier Ministry was scattered to the winds, fared no better than their predecessors, and were driven out, like burglars from a bank. The Academy made merry over the discomfiture of Palikao. What cared they that the old man had worked himself to the brink of his grave, to repair the mismanagement of his predecessors; and that he did his utmost to organize the defence of Paris? On the morrow of the Emperor's surrender, he was treated like a *repris de justice*, caught in the quarries. One by one the absinthe drinkers dropped in, in uniform, as volunteers or *moblots*, brave as lions, but misjudging always. They were full of song no longer, but were still cheerful, being provided with daily instalments of calumny against the scapegoats of the hour. Stragglers, remnants of regiments from MacMahon's first defeat, came

like spectres along the Boulevards, in the dead of the night. Then silent regiments of all arms went swiftly through the streets, hastening to the Eastern frontier, to make up a fresh army at Chalons; and the Academy went forth to cheer them as they passed. Then the darkness of an eclipse came over France, and then, again, from all points, Frenchmen rushed armed into Paris; and the *Palais Royal* became a camp, and the soldiers and the *Mobiles*, and the National Guards, swarmed in all the streets, and Boulevards, and open places. Women and children, the halt, the old, the feeble; the dangerous and the vicious classes; were sent forth through the gates, and all the fair suburbs of the city were made desolate blackened ruins; and people going to bed at nights, could see from their upper windows the lurid streaks in the heavens over the flaming woods. There was not a pleasure-seeker on the Boulevards, scarcely a visitor in the Hotels, and the very waiters in their *cafés* could only do their services in the intervals

of drill. The treasures of the State were sent far afield. The riches of the Louvre were packed. The Embassies were closing, the Ministries were on the wing.

Imagine the excitement that made the forty barrels in the *Academy* vibrate. And now Trochu was the hero of the hour! As he passed along the miles of armed citizens whose lines stretched from the site of the old Bastille to the noble Arch of the Conqueror, he was greeted with resounding cheers. That evening, he was the lion of the *Academy*. How will his name stand there to-morrow—next week—next month? How soon will the star be torn from his breast, and the epaulette from his shoulder? Who shall say; for along the thronged streets comes a hooting mob, greedy and relentless as mid-winter wolves, and they are hungering for the heart of an aged man who sits in a cab, and is protected by a posse of National Guards to the palace of the last hero of the hour. The venerable man fought for France at Waterloo; and this is his reward, at the

close of a life of brilliant services! A month ago, he was appointed member of the Committee of Defence; and to-day, with General Trochu's order in his hand, he was surveying a section of the fortifications. For his services, he was set upon by the people for whom he had fought: for his services, he was dragged like a felon through the streets, and now the hero of more than half a century ago claims the protection of the hero of the hour!

These madcap students cry shame upon the old man because he will not renounce and disown the Emperor.

Another—just another—mix of absinthe, and, as sure as we are of to-morrow's sunrise, the turn of General Trochu will come.

CHAPTER VIII.

I NEVER LIKED LEWIS.

(Dedicated to Imperialists of Yesterday.)

NEVER. We were boys together. Our good mothers were delighted to see us playing marbles together; but he could always knuckle down better than I could. We played at turnpike-gate with our hoops; and somehow he always trundled his between the pebbles which constituted, to our young imaginations, the pike, man in apron, toll-bar, and all—while I scattered them, and lost the game. When we first came together we were both schoolboys on the same form. His lessons were my lessons day after day; but, then, if there was an advantage in the pro-

gress, it was generally on my side. Somehow he got all the credit.

Lewis was born under extraordinary circumstances. His family were a wild, ambitious, and, I have often heard my mother say, unscrupulous set. At the period of his birth they were in the height of their splendour. It was impossible to approach them in those days. They had the biggest house in their neighbourhood by far. Their horses and stables were the envy of everybody. They gave parties that blocked up the place with the equipages of the guests. The greatest people in the land went to see them; and even people of distinction from abroad, on arriving in the country, would take the earliest opportunity of paying their respects to the Lewises. Mr. Lewis himself was a gloomy, morose, unpopular man; but his wife, when she was young, was one of the loveliest women, as my father often declared to my mother's mortification, upon whom the sun ever shone. It seems that she was as brilliant in mind, and as courageous in spirit,

as she was in person lovely. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were called, among the local tradesmen, the beauty and the beast. While he never had a gracious word or look, she was always wreathed in smiles. She had a kind word and a ready hand for the poor. If she disliked her lord, she loved her children, and they were always with her in the carriage. Two boys that were the envy of all other boys who saw them; who wore the loveliest feathers in their hats; trundled hoops with padded sticks; played with marbles every one of which was an agate; and spun tops of satin-wood with silken cords, were the idols of their beautiful parent, and were very seldom permitted to range beyond her sight. There was an uncle in the family—who had married, I believe, the mother of Mrs. Lewis, after her father's death, and whom Mrs. Lewis loved as well as the most devoted daughter can adore the most indulgent of parents. He was her Mentor, her guide in all things. His word was her law; and she was never tired of telling her friends about

his wisdom, and the great position he held in the world. Gossips said that the only fact which made the married life of Mrs. Lewis bearable was, that her husband was related closely to her stepfather.

It was very natural in Mrs. Lewis to make much of her step-father. He was the personage to whom she looked for the advancement of her darling boys in life. His influence appeared to be boundless—and he knew it, as my mother, who often saw him frowning out of his chariot window on his way to see his beautiful step-daughter, would tell me in after years.

The elder boy was sickly, and was kept at home; but the second was sent to school; and, as I have said, it was at school I first met him.

The new boy made a sensation. It was whispered along the forms that his name was Lewis, and that he came in a barouche with a servant in livery to carry his books. We crowded round him in the playground, and found that his pockets were full of money;

that he had a knife with one blade more than that of the cock of the school; and that a most imposing coat of arms was engraved on the heaviest of silver spoons and forks, which were brought for his use at table. The master fawned on him, and gave him easy lessons, and put him at the desk nearest to the stove. We hated him for this—boys are only little men.

Out of school, Lewis, I must say, gave himself no airs. His plentiful pocket-money was lavishly scattered when the apple-woman came into the playground. He would buy a shilling's worth of Bonaparte's ribs, and give every boy in the school one. He would propose a scramble for apples, or a whole quart of Spanish nuts. I have known him come with half a dozen cocoa-nuts, and give one each to the fellows who had played at horses with him. Playing at horses was his passion. A boy must be a great favourite, or be able to dispense favours, who wants to drive a team in the playground. Lewis was amiable enough, we thought, then, and was

ready to give every thing he had—provided we would be his nags. We made him pay—and he drove us. He was a ready fellow with his fists, I admit. He would give—but he would have no takings. I got on very well with him, and was often his off-sider, because I made my bargain openly, and he liked that. I carried off heaps of things, till my mother at home was quite alarmed. "Where did you get that splendid top, Bob?" said mother. "Lewis," was my answer. "That kite must have cost five shillings, Bob." "Lewis," I replied. "Your father's knife is not worth that," my maternal parent observed. "Lewis," was my response. But I never liked him.

We played truant together, and he got me off the punishment, and the school cheered him in the playground for it. I thought they made much of it—but I must say Lewis himself didn't; and he behaved well in asking me home to his mother's great house to dine and spend a Saturday afternoon with him. Mrs. Lewis's step-father was there, and

every thing gave way to him. He pinched my ear playfully, and tipped me when I went off to school in the evening, loaded with fruit and cakes for the boys of our form, which Mrs. Lewis packed up with her own white hands, while her step-father stood by looking at her, and joking very affably for so great a man.

When the holidays came—being an orphan, and my guardians being resident in Florence —Lewis persuaded his mother to invite me for a fortnight or so to their country house. It was here I saw the Lewises and their mighty friends in all their glory. The house, or castle, was an ancient one, which her step-father had given to Mrs. Lewis as a marriage present, and which he helped her to beautify, superintending the cultivation of the fruits and flowers, the felling of the timber, the planting out of the shrubberies, and the repairs and adornments of the house himself. They were a picture together—when he was shuffling about in his grey dressing-gown, and she was in her white morning-robe, with

her abundant hair floating about her—so long, that she could throw it round Lewis, and almost smother him with it—which made him look very foolish, *I* thought. She petted Lewis in the most ridiculous style, and made him dress like a page in a burlesque. To me she was almost as affectionate as to her own son! and when I told her how I was left an orphan in my fourth year, and how I had not a relation in the world, a big, hot tear from her brimmed eyes fell upon my hand, which she was holding while she talked to me. She said I must let her be a mother to me; and she called up Lewis, and told him, in her serious impetuous way, that he was to look upon me as a brother, and be always kind to me.

Mrs. Lewis was an indulgent mother; but she was strict too, as her step-father directed her to be, and his word was, to her, law in every thing. Lewis went to bed at nine, and so did I while I was at the castle. We begged half an hour's grace sometimes; but she would never yield—even when she was in

the middle of a song. She sang divinely, and Lewis loved to hear his mother. Sometimes he would keep me awake for a whole hour after we were in bed, listening to Mrs. Lewis's voice in the drawing-room. I was obliged to keep awake, being his guest; but this shows how inconsiderate he could be.

He had begged Mrs. Lewis to allow him to give me one of his Shetland ponies on my birthday; and he had surprised me with it, with brand-new saddle and bridle, which was very good, I am quite free to own; but he might have remembered that I liked fishing much better than riding, and that I should have been more pleased with a handsome rod and tackle.

One day Mrs. Lewis's step-father seeing me on the terrace alone, called me to him, and began to question me on the life that my guardians had projected for me. When I told him that I had not heard from them for a year, and that I had not the least idea of their intentions in regard to me, he pulled my ear and muttered, "Poor lad! poor lad! this is the way the

world is managed." And so the subject dropped, and Lewis and I, at the end of the holidays, returned to school.

Misfortunes overtook me when I was on the point of entering at the Middle Temple. My guardians died, and to my horror and amazement I was informed that their affairs were involved, to my utter ruin. They had speculated with my money, and out of a good fortune which my parents had left me, I had something less than three hundreds pounds left. I communicated my distress to Lewis; and he sympathized with me. He would have been a stone had he done less, seeing how intimate we had been from our early boyhood. Mrs. Lewis had been for some time in bad health. Her great step-father had died, overwhelmed with ruin in a great law-suit; and she had the castle no longer; and young Lewis could keep only one horse now, and was obliged to give himself fewer airs. The wreck was more than respectable; but it was a wreck. I was among those who did not desert them, and did not disdain to

ride in the modest brougham to which poor Mrs. Lewis was reduced, and with but one man servant to wait at table. Lewis never forgot my birthday; and Mrs. Lewis was good enough to insist, when she heard of my misfortunes, that I should let her pay my Temple fees, and that I should accept a couple of rooms in her house, to be with Lewis. She saw, I expect, that I exercised a very salutary influence over him. How could I look churlish and refuse—especially when Lewis joined his entreaties to those of his mother? It wanted no little moral courage, however, to keep with the Lewises (although they loaded me with attentions), because people talked about them in the neighbourhood; and the tradesmen sneered and jeered when the plain little brougham rolled past their doors, or I and Lewis walked home to dinner. I had no other home, however, and hardly a farthing in my pocket. As I have said, I was without a relation in the world. But I do take a little credit to myself for my pluck in holding to the wreck;

for—I can make no secret of it—I never liked Lewis.

Mrs. Lewis paid all my expenses while she lived, just as she paid those of her own child. I could hardly see any thing in which she made a difference between us; and when there was any slight advantage in Lewis's share he made it up to me, for I was shrewd enough to see that he could not do without me. He was full of dreams. He was for ever talking about his uncle and the grand days, and whether he could not redeem the fortunes of the family. I laughed at him, I confess, and advised him, with the small fortune that remained, to put himself in some good business in the City. He shrugged his shoulders and would not hear of it, but went dreaming on; and I believe his mother encouraged him. He pinched himself to employ lawyers, who were to reopen the old horrible law-suit, and win back the tens of thousands of pounds and the old castle. We were to walk on the old terrace once more, and smoke our cigars again in the familiar vineries. It

was sad to see the infatuation which possessed Lewis like his blood, not to say the vanity. He was not unmindful of me, I must say, in all his dreams. I was to have my share of the glory—when he got it. The cause came again and again before the courts. I had been called to the bar meantime; and Lewis had insisted that I should be employed, and that my brief should be handsomely marked. It was business to me, and *any* business to a young barrister is welcome. So I appeared. It was really an effort of friendship on my part; for the bar was laughing outright at young Lewis, as a fool who was throwing good money after bad. There was no hope for him. The judges tittered when I rose; the public smiled when Lewis took his seat among the attorneys. When we failed, my Temple friends would come round me and ask, "Well, has Young Infatuation had enough of it now?"

Lewis's brother died when he was about nineteen; and Mrs. Lewis followed soon after. I thought Lewis would have gone mad. He

was certainly an affectionate son; but who would not have been affectionate with such a mother? Had it not been for his precious law-suit he would have followed Mrs. Lewis in a month or two; but, as the difficulties increased, and the chances became less and less, he only grew firmer in his resolve—to spend his last farthing and the last hour of his life in the fight. He spared me all I asked from him—which was not much, and he contrived that we should continue to live together, so that I might carry on my profession. I intended, you may be sure, to refund him to the utmost penny, some day. But who can tell what the morrow may bring forth? I don't think he expected to be repaid. He never said so—and there were times, I know, when I had money and he had none. Nay, there were two or three occasions on which he was locked up. He actually carried on his plans in the sponging-house, and when he was let out walked straight away to his lawyers. He would meet me with that strange, sad smile on his face,

and his first question would be, "How was I getting on? Did I want any thing?" In a few months all troubles would be over, and we should be in clover. For I must do him this justice,—one leaf of every trefoil he might gather was to be for your humble servant. Yet I never liked him.

To tell how, on a sudden, fortune came upon us would be to make a long story. The tenacity of Lewis's character carried him through. He looked sickly; but in the weak, weak casket was the mother's heart. He had the art of waiting. When he was in Cursitor Street one day overtures were made to him, by the acceptance of which he would have secured to himself a handsome income for life. But he disclaimed it, and went quietly up to bed, on a November night, in the shabby sponging-house, with the observation that he was in no hurry. So that when an extraordinary turn in the law-suit took every lawyer by surprise, and the legal world stood aghast, amazed, dumbfounded at a decision that put him in possession of the entire

wealth of that remarkable uncle of his who used to pinch my ears, he alone was cool. I can see him now, fastening the elastic band about his umbrella as he walked out of the court, as calm as the cabman whom he hailed. On the morrow morning, when he had read the report of the case in the papers, he turned to me and said, "I was right, my friend; you see that I was right. And now tell me which are the rooms in the castle you would prefer? Drop in at Coutts's, and see the liberty I have ventured to take with your balance. Tell me if you like your brougham: it is at the door. Now see whether you cannot become Lord Chancellor."

In sober truth, my brougham was at the door; my account was a princely one; and I had the pick of the castle apartments. The scene was a glorious one when the sun of Lewis's fortunes was in its noontide splendour. The beautiful, the brilliant, the gifted, the illustrious, crowded to his halls, thronged his drawing-rooms, peopled his park, and tasted of all the sweets of his refined and

liberal hospitality. He alone remained calm and easy, I might say, unconcerned. Misfortune had hit him hard, and had not stirred a muscle of his face: fortune was now his generous friend, and she could barely extort a smile from him. I was, I think, more grateful. I blessed and thanked—the Fates. For, while any care as to my means of living was removed far away from me, I neglected no opportunity of promoting my own advancement in my own way. I worked at my profession, and Lewis was able to introduce me to first-rate business. I had at times more than I could well manage. When I was at the castle I would retire from the scene of the festivities to my own apartment, and there turn out my brief bag upon the table, and read into the small hours. Very few men, I flatter myself, would have done that, with the advantages that I had within my reach. But I was determined not to be dependent on Lewis. I was resolved to draw the line somewhere; for, as I think I have remarked before, I never really liked him.

I grew rich—I do not deny it; and it was Lewis's money that enabled me to make a figure in the world, which is half the battle in the professions. But he wanted me; I was necessary to him; and therefore it was for himself that he was open-handed with me. I am not the first orphan who has been adopted; nor the first school chum who has been befriended in after-life; nor the first man who has owed his stepping-stones to fortune, to accident. I don't see why I should be pestered about it, as though there were something so very extraordinary in my case. I make my acknowledgments once for all; and I fail to see why I should be perpetually uttering thanks. It has been said that gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come: I am sure that I expect nothing more from Lewis. The brougham in which I ride was his, granted; my house was part of his estate, granted. The case in which I pocketed nearly three thousand pounds was of his introduction; have I ever denied it? My wife's brilliants were a present made to her

by Lewis when we married. Does not this happen every day in the week? Am I bound to like a man because *he* finds pleasure in *my* society and profit in my advice? Let me tell my story in my own way to the end. We were at the castle. My wife and children had been staying there for months, and I had been in the habit of running down in the intervals of my arduous professional duties. Lewis had stood godfather to our eldest boy, and had settled a sum of money on the engaging young fellow that insured him a good position in life; so that we felt bound to humour the godfather's desire to have the boy as much with him as possible. Lewis was very fond of children; and they, I am bound to add, were very fond of him.

Well, on a certain autumn morning—the first on which a fire had been deemed necessary in the breakfast-room—Lewis asked me to give him half an hour in the library. I had business of my own in hand; but I was always a good-natured fellow, I believe, and I followed my old schoolfellow. He began

quietly, as when he put the band round his umbrella when he had gained his cause—

"The vicissitudes of my life are not ended yet. My dear old schoolfellow, learn that once again I haven't a penny in the world."

At this point I begged him to excuse me for a moment; and I ran to my wife's boudoir, and told her to have every thing ready for the mid-day train. Above all, she was not to forget her diamonds. She was the most obedient of consorts, and I will do her the justice to say that she did not forget a thing—even to the baby's socks. I returned to the library, and taking Lewis by the hand, expressed my regret. He continued—

"Not a penny in the world! I am beggared, my dear friend, by the men whom I have helped to affluence. My own people have turned upon me. My own stewards have destroyed me. The people and places I found poor and bare, and that are now thriving, are the centres of the infamy that has stripped me. You heard one of my

bailiffs this morning give me notice. This rascal is rat number twenty, and carries off a handsome competence with him. But some are not at the trouble of masking their ingratitude. There is no creature upon two legs, nor upon four, half so ungrateful as a bad servant whom you have petted, and can pet no longer. See that fellow crossing the park with a loaded cart. He came to me shirtless: rat number twenty-one."

"But how has this come to pass, my dear Lewis?" I asked; "and is it altogether irremediable?"

"It has come to pass as I have told you. Every man on whose honour I have relied has betrayed me. My model cottagers, I am told, laugh at me for a fool. I have trebled the trade in my county town, and the townsfolk haven't a good word for me, although they had plenty yesterday. The local paper has turned about with its readers. Last week I was munificent; but in to-day's copy I am a fool: in the next edition I shall be a rogue. I should advise you to clear the

sinking ship while there's a boat—that is, a coach—at hand."

"Leave you, Lewis, at such a moment!" I exclaimed; for I was hurt at his suggestion, which was not a very delicate one under the circumstances. "Leave you now! I would not think of such a thing; nor should any thing less than the case—the tremendous case—of Thunder *v.* Butter, drag me from your side to-morrow."

A smile passed over the placid face of Lewis while I spoke. It was a smile I had seen before, and at which a less amiable man than, I can say without vanity, I am, might have taken offence.

"You leave to-morrow, then?" Lewis asked.

"I must."

"Well, we shall tide over the week, I dare say; but there will be elbow-room in the castle before then, I can see."

I did not like Lewis's style. Of course I made every allowance for him under the circumstances; and when I had seen my

wife to the station with the children, the maids, the jewel and dressing-cases, and my despatch-box, in which my deeds were safely under lock and key, I made a second attempt to be kind and sympathetic. I asked whether there was any thing I could do for him in London.

"Yes," he said, raising his cold blue eyes, and cutting his words with his glittering teeth. "Yes; remain in it!"

This was too much; and I left him. Now all my impressions as to his character were confirmed; and I could understand thoroughly why I never liked him.

At the railway station—for I left that very evening—I found more than half the castle servants. The station-master was compelled to put on three or four extra luggage-vans; and I kept the train quite five minutes, getting my boy's pony (Lewis's last present) into a horse-box.

When I reached town I heard more than I care to relate about the immense ruin in which Lewis had involved himself. He had

trusted vast sums of money to friends and relatives, right and left; he had listened to any kind of got-up tale of distress; he had been imposed upon in fifty directions. A splendid man of business; a powerful, clear-headed administrator; he had doubled the value of the enormous property which came to him, after so many years of battling and of poverty, from his uncle. But, you see, he ruined all by putting faith in men who were not trustworthy; and I am told that when he left the castle there was not a man left there to carry his carpet-bag to the railway.

I cannot help feeling a kind of warmth towards the man when my wife comes like a queen into her drawing-room, covered with the marriage *parure* of diamonds; but my conscience is at ease—is as quiet as a babe asleep—for, as I am sure I must have remarked twenty times, even at the height of his prosperity, I never liked Lewis—NEVER!

CHAPTER IX.

CHANGES OF WIND.

"*His* purse? *His* letters? *His* pencil-case? *His* tooth-pick? *Vous plaisantez.* I, Gavroche, tell you so. They are not his: they are mine, observe, I wear his shirt-studs. This is the malacca-cane, which supported him when he walked on the terrace of the Tuileries gardens. His coat fits me well—with just a tear here and about, to mark my principles: for there is nothing I resent half so much as a whole coat—except a clean shirt. I have his pocket-book. His innermost secrets are in my breast-pocket. His wife's letters are stuffed in my red cap. I shall respect *them* at any rate, you

say? *Farceur!* You don't know Gavroche. A pretty couple, to be dealt with delicately! I shall not only read them—but I shall publish them. More, I have arranged with my friends to go through all the letters of Boustrapa—and publish every thing in them which may be turned to their disadvantage. We shall set down every thing in malice. We shall sift out all the scandal. We shall make political capital out of every insinuation. We shall begin, however, with his wholesale robberies: and make out a bill of the millions he has stolen from us—he and his lot! "Stolen!" is uttered protestingly. "Suppose Napoleon has a million or two put out in foreign securities against a rainy day; had he not an income derived from the Chambers, elected by the French people, out of which he might have most legitimately saved considerable sums?"

"You are his accomplice," Gavroche replies, spitting upon the carpet, and turning his pipe in his mouth. "It is our money. He is a thief. I know his agents. I have a descrip-

tion of his investments. I know how he filched his treasure from our military chests: the tools he bought; the nest-eggs he was preparing for himself, while we allowed him to inhabit the Tuileries. Here is our bill against him."

"But do you acknowledge no good done?"

"Not the worth of a red *liard*."

"No honourable service rendered to France, through years of slander and contumely?"

"Not the worth of a wooden spoon."

"No capacity for statesmanship: no love of country: no desire, at any rate, to make France great, prosperous, and glorious—before and beyond all other nations?"

Here Gavroche answered with a gesture that shall close the conversation. From this unseemly motion of base and shameless ingratitude, a new era in the tragedy is marked.

Have the neutral nations looked coldly on through the trials of France? Let Gavroche answer for the coldness. They have marked his falsehoods: his empty boastings about victory in the presence of defeat: his menda-

city; his black ingratitude towards all the servants of France; his shrieks of traitor at all the unfortunate generals who have served him; and his subordination of the honour and glory of his country to his own petty interests. It is hardly a year since I dwelt on the political and social growths of the Gavroche Party[1]; and I can refer to those estimates which I formed of the wild disturbers of constitutional France, with some satisfaction. Gavroche has been true to his beginnings: and, having overthrown the government of his detestation in the moment of his country's misfortune, has loosed "the jesses of his tongue" upon every political opponent. Of course Napoleon the Third has borne the brunt of the foul torrent of slander. A coward on the morrow of Sedan; he was a thief a fortnight later. First, the cowardice was disposed of; and then the plunder. Gavroche is good in names that

[1] The Gavroche Party: a Series of Literary Estimates. By Blanchard Jerrold. John Camden Hotten.

stick. Who commands seas of mud, must hit a few targets. The Emperor was the man of Sedan: it being perfectly well known to Gavroche and all his party that MacMahon's movements to the relief of Bazaine, in which the Emperor took part with MacMahon, were undertaken at the strong instigation of the Trochu and Montauban Government in Paris —in direct opposition to the advice and desire of both the Marshal in command at Chalons, and his sovereign who was sharing his dangers. This, the publication of the rifled Imperial Correspondence has proved. The fact is that had MacMahon been left free to act, the chances are the Prussians would never have got near Paris. The road was thrown open by the wavering, uninformed governing men in Paris. It was they who brought about Sedan. But of what avail would it be in the turmoil—the madness—of public opinion in France even now, at the close of the year of disaster; to dwell on the faithlessness of General Trochu to his oath given at Chalons; and to the series of lawless

acts by which the Gavroche party toppled over the Second Empire, adding the perils of revolutionary government to the disorganization of defeat? But, since England has recovered a little from the errors into which she was thrown by the German proclivities of her press, immediately on the fall of Napoleon the Third; since people of all parties and of many nations are awakening to the discredit of applauding the falsehoods and coarsenesses of Gavroche, and are applying themselves to the problem—how shall France get clear of the revolution that menaces her again, immediately on the close of the war; it may not be altogether useless to recapitulate a little. I speak as an Englishman — who is, before all, interested in the welfare of his own country. Where does our interest lie? Suppose we make common cause with the party of Belleville, who have hardly spoken a reliable word since the misfortunes of their country gave them the opportunity of seizing the reins of power. How would that alliance end? We were ready for it in September: for that, or for the House of

Orleans. But by the 1st of December the state of public feeling had undergone a change. A writer in the *Morning Post* (who had read my "Sick Lion," I apprehend) on this day entered a vigorous protest against the national ingratitude and injustice. Referring to Napoleon, he said:—

"The conduct of his own people, though lamentable, is not all-surprising; indeed, at the present moment they are scarcely accountable for their conduct; the times are out of joint with them, and the motive power of reason is hurled into chaos. They are smarting under misfortunes unparalleled in the history of nations. Maddened by constant failures, blinded by the waves of blood that are rolling over their country, they look round wildly for the cause of their calamities. They fancy they have found it, and believe that all the miseries from which poor France is now suffering have their root in the imperial throne. So they have plucked it down and set up instead their favourite gods, 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.' In the excitement

of the hour they forget the cruel tricks these slippery gods have played them in the days gone by, what crimes have been committed under the shadow of their sacred names, what ruin wrought by their rabble rulers. No matter, they are again the heroes of the day, and will, no doubt, soon 'live out their little hour.' Meanwhile they have set their heel upon their Sovereign's head, and tried to stamp out his name from the heart of the nation. They have erased from the records of stone and brass every emblem of his sovereignty and power, forgetful that his name is engraved in history—in the history not only of their own land, but of the world—from which it can never be stamped out. When they recover from their fever fit they will recoil, it is to be hoped, from the work their delirium has wrought. 'What has he done for France?' is now the cry of his once loyal people. His enemies bring forward a long list of iniquities against him, and his friends are silent. They have neither the courage nor the honesty to defend him. We

in England know, indeed all Europe knows, what 'he has done for France,' which during the nerveless rule of his predecessor was rapidly losing its strength and dwindling away to a second or third rate Power, weighing lightly in the scale of nations. The country was all anarchy and confusion—a house divided against itself, and in rebellion against its rulers—a discontented populace with an inefficient Government, which was shaken by every passing breath, till Louis Napoleon appeared upon the scene. Perhaps the prestige of his name went forward like an invisible *avant courier*, and made a way for him; however that may be, he lost no time, but went boldly to work with his powerful brain and strong will. It is true his remedies were desperate, so was the disease—less vigorous measures would have been useless. He soon quieted the discontent of the people and remodelled the State. He lifted the nation up till it held its place among the highest. He made France great, powerful, and respected in the eyes of Europe, with a

respect that had in it a grain of fear, for in all great crises the several kingdoms of the world wondered what move France would make, and watched to learn her policy before they decided on their own. But a few years back —how few, it seems strange now to remember—this man could have stretched forth his hand and shaken empires! Now, like another Samson, he lies shorn of his strength —crushed and broken by the ruin which, perchance, his own hand helped to draw down upon him—at the mercy of a rival whose armies swarm upon his groaning land, and the world has no mercy upon him. That he made a false step in bringing about this disastrous war, no one can for a moment doubt—no one can defend; but how far he has been pushed and goaded in the wrong direction by his people who now disown him, no one can tell. The idea that he entered upon this campaign for his own personal gratification is too absurd to be entertained for a moment. In the height of his power he sought no pretext for quarrel; he

made no war upon his neighbours, though he lent his aid to effect the unity of Italy. He never tried to filch petty provinces from that neighbour's hand. In his strength he respected their weakness. It is true he ruled his own nation with an iron rod. Now that rod is removed, now they will rule themselves, will they find another to rule as well? Time will show. He applied all his energies to the aggrandisement of his own country, and he has made Paris the Queen City of the world. He taxed his country heavily, but the money so collected he disbursed again, and spent in the encouragement of the arts and sciences, in payment of labour, materials, official salaries, &c. Extravagant the Imperial Court may have been, but such extravagance circulated money through his own land and among his own people. He lived as an Emperor, and entertained his foreign visitors as the sovereign of a great nation should. But the *lion is dead*—he can no longer startle the world with his roar, nor lash it with his tail. The vultures are abroad preying upon

his good name and picking his bones clean of every rag of virtue that has ever covered them. There is a heaviness in the air—a threatening shadow creeping over the land. The balance of power is weakened, if not wholly destroyed. Great nations prepare to prey upon the small; each covets a slice of his neighbour's goods; there is no one to stand up and join us hand to hand as in the days of yore, and arrest the aggressive Powers, saying, 'This thou shalt not do.'

"We who have fought side by side, and shared toils and victories together, should not be found among the detractors of France—the aspersers of the fallen Emperor; we who would spare an overthrown enemy, assail our friend, and 'hit him when he is down,' forgetting that 'it is not for evil done, but fortune flown,' he is left friendless. Once, years back, we saw an eagle chained to a bit of rock and exposed to a staring multitude, while petty sparrows perched upon its head, ruffled its wings, and one, bolder than the rest, tried to peck out the eyes of the grand

old bird that could no longer look undazzled on the sun. The present position of Napoleon brings this story to mind. For our honour's sake let us cease our unworthy attacks upon this unfortunate Sovereign, who has the strongest claim upon our sympathy, and as we would scorn to strike a fallen man with our hands, let us not strike him with our tongues. It is bad enough to be forced to blush for the conduct of our neighbours, but it is a worse thing to blush for our own."

While I write, a proof of a poem[2] reaches me, in which the poet is inspired by the same generous flame:—

"Ungenerous France,
Forgetful of thy gracious years of reign,
Pitiless as a sated harlot is
When ruin overtaketh him whose hand
Hath loaded her with gems, shameless and mad,
France, like Delilah, now betrays her lord."

Robert Buchanan is a poet whose sweetest utterances have been stirred by the sufferings

[2] Napoleon Fallen: a Lyrical Drama. By Robert Buchanan. Strahan and Co.

of his kind; and hence his lyrical drama, calling England to be just.

" To the Republic, this sham shape of straw,
This stuff'd thing of a harlot's carnival,
The dilettante sons of Orleans, kneeling,
Proffer forsooth their swords, which, being disdain'd,
They sheathe chop-fallen, and with bows withdraw
Back to their pictures and perfumery."

Then the elder Bourbon stirred. He thought he saw his way to power over prostrate France—true, in this, to his Bourbon instincts. But neither from within, nor from without, could the senior or the junior Bourbon obtain overt sympathy; albeit they were rich, and had been long laying down lines of conspiracy all converging in the Tuileries[3]. Fortunately, for England, the Orleans sympathies of a certain solemn clique in this country, could make no impression on public opinion. " Dilettante sons," fond of " pictures and

[3] The Orleans party had been at work for years, sending youths to St. Cyr, who should be presently conspirators in the army, in favour of Bourbon junior. Their activity was shown in the last *plébiscite*.

perfumery," are not the stuff of which popular heroes are made; and we are spared the dangers of participation in another unpopular restoration.

Dangers enough, however, remain before us, created by the Franco-Prussian war[4], and by the controversies in relation to it which French, English, and German writers have raised; by the timidities and anti-democratic leanings of our foremost statesmen; and by the partialities and pretensions of certain of our newspaper war correspondents. As Mr. Frederic Harrison has observed, "English opinion is of that ponderous sort, which answers to the helm of thought as slowly as a turret-ship." Mr. Harrison was with Germany in the beginning of the war; as thousands were, who did not know how Prussia had been for years preparing for it; how

[4] As to M. Thiers's mission, the Count said, "its real object was much less to make peace than to bring about a restoration of the House of Orleans."—*Angel de Miranda on his Dinner at Versailles with Count Bismarck.*

Bismarck had determined upon it; how a German military Prince's pamphlet—"How to Beat the French"—had been rife in every corner of the Confederation; and how the whole French people knew by a quick instinct, that a deadly conflict between France and Prussia must precede the elevation of King William to the Imperial throne of Germany. But he has veered to the right point; and is impatient to see his fellow-countrymen answering in so lubberly a manner to the helm of truth. "If I detest," he says, "a bloody war of spoliation by France, am I to applaud a bloody war of spoliation by Germany? And I protest, I can see nothing else in the crafty apologies of her statesmen, or the ethnological maunderings of her professors. . . . The conditions have all changed, and I have changed with them. Now, I ask all these liberal and worthy persons who are still living on the dry bones of what were their opinions five months ago to consider the case anew. I warrant they will find that every reason which then set them

against the Napoleonic invasion of Germany, should now set them against the Bismarckian invasion of France. It is the French who are now defending their homes against invaders who come to dismember the nation, to crush out their chosen government; it is the French who are the true people in arms. It is the Germans who are seeking to despoil a neighbour, who are fighting for military glory, who are the accomplices of a conspirator, who are founding an empire on the sword. A new and greater Brunswick is crushing the Republic; and now it is the Liberals who applaud him."

Was there ever any just reason for applause? Were the Liberals not short-sighted in the beginning? Napoleon was the original aggressor: granted. But had not Bismarck carefully prepared this aggression; had he not invited it? had he not been working incessantly since his dismemberment of Denmark, and his blow against Austria, to provoke it at the right moment? France committed the blunder of throwing down the glove; but she knew

that Bismarck kept one in his pocket. The position was becoming intolerable to France, and to Europe; and France cut the knot. The real origin of this bloodiest and foulest of wars lies in the cabinet of Bismarck, where the base and unscrupulous ambition of the Hohenzollern (a feudal lord stepped out of the middle ages, all blood and iron) has been nurtured and promoted, and worked out. Day by day we see more clearly what German unity really means. It means, (Bismarck is no longer at the trouble of denying it,) King William proclaimed Emperor in the *Salle des Maréchaux;* and this at the cost of millions of human lives, desolated villages, a starving peasantry, untilled fields, and the weeping and wailing of two entire nations. To this end have Bismarck and King William worked ruthlessly. They have over-matched the enemy in statesmanship and generalship. By their arts they threw upon the nation, whose ruin formed an integral part of their plan, the onus of the initiation in bloodshed. So craftily was this contrived, that leading

English Liberals hardly perceive it even now, when the arch-conspiritor against the liberties of Europe, in the service of a grim master, gossips over Romanée[5], and says, "The King has quite made up his mind—although he wants to spare the Parisians as much as possible—not to sign peace, except at the Tuileries." Bismarck has no fear of intervention, for each of the neutrals "will, I think, have enough to do to look after its own affairs before long." And thus, as to the cause of freedom in the hands of the Germans, Bismarck speaks (still over his Romanée): "In our country there is no sovereign will but that of the king. . . . I am only the instrument of his political will, as the generals are the instruments of his military will. When His Majesty expresses a wish, it is my duty to propose the means of realizing it,—and it is my glory sometimes to succeed in this task. At this moment, however, my actions are absolutely subordinate to those of

[5] See M. Angel de Miranda's pamphlet describing his evening with Count Bismarck at Versailles.

the military leaders, who are not always of my opinion;" but who carry out the bloodshed, matured by the Count for the king, many months before there was any idea of a Hohenzollern for the crown of Spain. In the fulsome accounts of King William's assumption of the Imperial title which correspondents sent to the English papers from Versailles, stress is laid on the oneness of responsibility for the bloody paths which have been beaten out to the purple by the ambitious Hohenzollern. He, we are told to his glory, saw that united Germany was to be won by the sword, and by the sword only, and therefore caused an irresistible army to be organized—out of the millions of his industrious, peace-loving subjects. With this mighty engine treaties could be destroyed; provinces could be overrun; jealous nations could be defied; nay, the Liberal among his people could be brow-beaten and back-beaten into sullen acquiescence. It has happened as His Majesty desired it should, and, with red-dripping hands, he raises

the Imperial diadem to his white head, saying, Let him beware who touches it! and, God be thanked!

Ay, God be thanked for the red plains of Champagne and Picardy; for the charred villages; the miles of rude graves; the wounded men alone in the frost—with gangrene; the silent, foodless homes of weeping Germany; the untilled fields, and the rusted looms! These are a most merciful price for the Kaiser's glory. The Kaiser is a godly man, and has a thanksgiving for every gash German steel makes in Latin flesh! To ordinary men this wreaking of vengeance upon a gallant, unfortunate foe—this carrying of war to the bitter end—this wholesale robbery of towns,—looks somewhat like the devil's work. But, no; the blood that flows ruby-red, deepens to Imperial purple while it congeals; and God esteems whole rivers full of the vital tide of common men only a moderate sacrifice for the purple robe of a Hohenzollern! So William writes from Versailles to Augusta in Berlin. And the church bells ring out,

and the befooled people rejoice. The corpse-light is the lamp for the high coronation festival; and the dance is that of death; the incense that of the stale battle-field.

At the beginning of December, Dr. Russell wrote from Versailles, that the resistance of Paris was causing "dissatisfaction" in Germany. The Berliners were not pleased with the determined attitude of the Parisians. They expected a march direct to the Place du Carrousel, after Sedan, Strasburg, and Metz. They wanted to have the crowning triumph of a peace dictated in the Hall of Marshals; but they relied upon the enemy to let them have it to carry home comfortably before Christmas. It was very provoking to have business stopped, workshops closed, indications of a severe winter, signs of general distress among women and children, the horrible spectres of hunger and cold growing bigger daily—and, at the same time, to see winter furs and blankets being despatched to Versailles, instead of hearing the music of returning heroes break upon the frosty morn-

ing air. Queen Augusta performed the wifely duty of sending two comforters to warm the royal nose of King William; for she had heard how biting was the atmosphere about Paris in December. In the old days it was said the French were the politest nation on the face of the earth; and that part of the Emperor Napoleon's recently published correspondence which explained the forms of sovereign courtesies when the guest is a royal lady, was indeed a lesson to the Prussian Court, who snubbed the husband of Queen Victoria when he accompanied Her Majesty to the Fatherland. But where was their politeness in December, 1870? The Germans had been waiting for weeks, in the cold, outside Paris; and this resistance—this determined inhospitality—"caused dissatisfaction," not only at Versailles, but in Berlin—and, indeed, throughout the North German Confederation!

Over Dr. Russell's naïve sentence even the *Times* became sarcastic at the expense of the invaders:—"The capital which ought to

have succumbed long since, if its inhabitants were animated by any proper feeling, or had the least respect for the traditional usages of war, proves to be obstinate and unyielding. It is not what we had a right to expect from the mistress of the polite arts; and Germany has a just ground for harbouring the dissatisfaction that fills her soul." After Sedan and Metz she anticipated an unimpeded march of glory upon the necks of a vanquished people. The neutral nations counselled the moderation they should have compelled. King William was reminded of his words when he opened the campaign. Count Bismarck was prayed to be moderate in triumph, and *not* to "fry the enemy in his own fat." After Sedan, the general cry was "Enough!" Prussia knew that she had put it out of the power of France to harm her for generations to come. She could have commanded the destruction of the frontier fortresses, and have made a glorious and a lasting peace. By Christmas the intelligent and educated German workmen, who were

left freezing at the outposts of Paris, would have been fighting the battles of peaceful industry, and repairing the damage done by bowelless War to their hearths and homes. Under a halo of undimmed glory the united Fatherland would have been a spectacle last Christmastide to which even her late enemy could not have refused a tribute of admiration.

But enough is not as good as a feast to King William and Bismarck. In audacious disregard of his original declaration, the King, at the end of November, said to the North German Parliament that he was fighting the French nation; to which divers among the Liberal members of the said Parliament replied by unmistakable expressions of discontent, and of a repugnance to be treated as children. The ill-humour of the minority in the North German Parliament was that of the great majority outside the Parliament. They saw the turn in the tide. The tramp of the enemy upon the soil of France had roused the whole nation to arms. Soldiers

sprang every where from the earth. Not disciplined troops, it is true, able to bear the shock of veteran battalions; but such material as Prince Frederick Charles found in the Loiret, and Manteuffel in the North—and the enemy in every direction. The fight was just beginning for France; although the army of the Loire had received a severe check. "Let Paris fall to-morrow," cried the patriots, "and still Prussia would have to face a whole nation in arms. She feels the strain of the gigantic contest at home; her suffering non-combatant population is gazing with brimmed eyes at death and beggary. Skeletons crowd the empty cupboards of German homes. And the worst is just beginning! The easiest part of the fight, only, has been fought! While the trials, difficulties, and sacrifices of the insatiable invader cumulate upon the heads of King William and his grim adviser, the surrounding nations withdraw their sympathies from the merciless, and stimulate the oppressed with them.

The rapid change which public opinion had

undergone in England is easily explained. As in the Danish war, and in the Austrian war, Prussia was untrue to her word, so was she proving in this. She might have made a glorious and a just peace within the walls of Sedan—every legitimate end of the war having been thoroughly obtained. But she wanted more than she had dared to aver in the beginning; and in pursuit of conquest, and utterly unmindful of the wishes of the populations upon which she was determined to impose her rule of blood and iron—she marched to Paris[6].

The advance of the enemy has been answered by every Frenchman who can bear arms. The soldiers of deliverance harass

[6] "I have assumed that these two provinces may really be 'strategic barriers.' I need hardly say, however, that in the whole blood-stained roll of annexations there is hardly one more wanton. I know nothing of their swordman's jargon. But I know that the Rhine frontier of Germany from Rastadt to Cologne is already a double or triple line of fortresses; that Germany advances, wedge-like, far into the eastern side of France, and approaches towards her capital."—*Mr. Frederic Harrison on the German Invasion.*

every movement; fire from every wall; attack every German column; are dispersed, only to meet again in another place. France is a camp. Every valid man is in uniform. There are armies, or centres of armies, in the West and North, in the Loiret (as Coulmiers testifies), and in the South! At every sound of a German footstep a French soldier rises from the earth. This is a modern French politeness—when an enemy is without mercy and incapable of moderation.

It will be remembered, to the honour of the Crown Prince, that he was no party to the war to the bitter end, in which he has borne the most glorious part; and that had he been supreme in council, France and Germany would have been at peace before the end of September last. He knew, as all his generals know, that Germany had naught to fear—and France every thing, with the existing frontiers—Metz and Strasburg once and for ever dismantled. Yet still the Teuton sword was bared to slay—the prize being the slavery of two millions of Frenchmen and all

their worldly possessions. We should have despised the French evermore, had they succumbed to the hateful, the unchristian, the savage terms.

In the presence of this Teuton, fired with conquest, reckless as to treaties—this giant of iron and blood—England, after a time, began to turn to her own case, to her own safety. And at once there arose a general cry for soldiers, arms, and ships.

Just as people crush themselves to death when a shout of fire is raised in a crowded public building, so, under the influence of a fear that we are at the mercy of Prussia when she shall have finished with France, there is a probability that we shall get crushed under an intolerable taxation for war purposes. We must remain calm and observant; for the class most interested in raising taxation and turning the broad country into a camp, is stirring, and smacking its lips, anticipating the fat things that are to come with the meeting of Parliament. We find the same faces foremost whenever there is any thing to be got out of a

State movement. They are eager for every new commission—they watch every death in the *Civil Service Gazette*. A war to them would be something like a fortune all round:—

"We must so increase our army as to be able to cope with the great military powers of the Continent. We must at least double our artillery. We must introduce the conscription into the militia. We must change the volunteer into a compulsory service. We must fortify our ports and principal cities. We must oblige all our male population to become soldiers, as they do in Prussia" (the Prussia of Mr. Carlyle's adoration), "and so on, and on, in an almost infinite series of proposals, each one more extreme than the other."

Mr. Henry Richard (who wrote an admirable warning against the panic in November, and from whom the foregoing is quoted) is strictly within the limits of the truth in his picture of the proposals which the whole greedy tribe of poor hangers-on to the skirts of the upper classes were then, and still are, showering through the press.

Do these things, the English people are told, or some fine morning you will find 100,000 enemies on their march for London.

Under the direction of the alarmists of to-day, we have spent, within the last fifteen years, more than 424 millions sterling on armaments, whereby we were to be kept safe in our beds; but the development of the art of war, and the extraordinary progress of science, have scattered the hundreds of millions (taken out of the ever-open pocket of British Industry) to the winds; so that any night Mr. Sketchley's friend Mrs. Brown may see the spike of a Prussian helmet cast a shadow upon her parlour blinds. We must begin again; and more liberally than before. Even Earl Russell, while protesting that he loves peace, is calling for a militia army—our militia being the least reputable and the least reliable force at present within her Majesty's dominions. "Cynic" answers his lordship; saying that, through a red-tape tangle, the militia no longer exists. Lord Russell corrects his statement of one day by another on the morrow, to the effect that at Odessa it is estimated the peace establishment of Russia is 900,000 fighting men. Nearly a million of

soldiers producing naught; living upon Industry; and training day and night, waiting, to use their Imperial master's words, to see whether it will please Providence to give Russia peace or war!

In the *Pall Mall Gazette* Mr. Matthew Arnold, flimsily disguised as "Von Thunder-ten-Tronckh," fell upon the English people who control the Government—as Philistines, in his old, self-satisfied way. There is nothing on the earth, nor above, nor under it which Mr. Arnold is not prepared to explain. The trifling European difficulties which have bewildered most men of late—and under cover of which the official classes of England are preparing a heavy saddle for John Bull's back—are, therefore, schoolboy themes to him. He puts his sweet finger upon the core of the great disorder. England is "nowhere," because her ministers must reckon with the people—babble, and lose time with—as he elegantly puts it—the "young man from the country." Now the military despotisms are under no such embarrassing obligations. The

great German Chancellor bandies no words with the Prussian young men, or middle-aged men, from the Fatherland; but unceremoniously tells them to quit the plough, and drop the shuttle, and fall in, in the rear of the drum; leaving ruin at home—to the air of "The Watch on the Rhine." In fine, the sweet philosopher is restive under our representative institutions; and inclines, like the word-coining sage of Chelsea [7], to philosophic mili-

[7] I happen to have in a scrap-book a curious letter by Mr. Carlyle, dated July 10, 1855. By its light his astounding letter on the War has an odd, perplexing look. The promoters of a war meeting at Sheffield requested the presence of Mr. Carlyle. He answered, July 10, 1855, he would do nothing in the matter; he would not speculate on the subject at all:—

"Except that poor England, with such an explosion of folly as never happened before, has plunged overhand into that bottomless pool (where my clear belief is, *she* had no business whatever), and has thereby found the fate, long due to her, of being proved to be a country sunk in folly, in hypocritical incompetence, and every species of rotten confusion, varnished over parliamentary eloquence, free presses, liberty of the subject, &c., &c., so that simple persons thought it much the contrary—and is thereby getting into a condition hideous to all good citizens, and incapable of help by any words of mine"—and so on.

tary despotism; to deep-hearted Teutons, with their pockets full of village jewellery; and earnest-souled officers laden with the spoils of ladies' boudoirs.

Mr. Matthew Arnold and Earl Russell; Mr. Thomas Carlyle and the rest of the advocates of muscular heroism; with the eager-faced hosts of younger sons and rich-poor men—who, Mr. Abraham Cowley has told us, are "emphatically poor"—at their tail, all sing one chorus, and are all seeking one end. They see that the hold of the Exclusives on every office, honour, and emolument of the State is loosening; they fear the "many-headed;" and they look with a feeling closely akin to jealousy, to the firm military despotism of Prussia, conveniently flavoured with Constitutionalism, as the rock of their political salvation. France is the natural object of the Red Tapists' scorn and vituperation; for has

By this light let the reader re-read Mr. Carlyle's letter on Germany and France. It is passing strange that fifteen years have passed by since he discovered the utter rottenness of England—and that still, as on July 10, 1855, he dates from Chelsea!

she not been the cradle of Liberal and generous ideas—and was it not from her flanks that Revolution came forth? Now, Constitutionalism, strengthened, in the Prussian manner, with blood and iron, is much more to the taste of the British upper ten; for Prussian blood and iron are the rampart and the salvation of a German aristocracy, that is the most extraordinary leaven of poverty and pride and insolence of any in Europe.

This is a solemn moment for the English people; and their first duty, if they intend to be true to themselves, is to put aside such misleading class-writing as that of Messrs. Carlyle and Arnold. They will be safer with Messrs. J. S. Mill and Froude, in the consciousness of the strength which they have won, and in the resolution not to part with a hair of the mighty Samson locks which adorn them.

Must war come? Is it not evitable, in the presence of such monstrous armed Governments as that which holds nearly a million of fighting men a moderate peace establishment?

And must the treasure and the blood of England flow again, to amend quarrels made by four or five powerful reigning families, linked in and in? At least let John Bull be worthy of his new liberties. If he must open his purse, let it be on his own conditions. And what should the first of these conditions be? Why, root-and-branch reform of the army and the navy. Promotion from the ranks. The eradication of caste from the services. This will be the fight of stalwart men, if we go into it out of Conferences meant to give Russia time; and to enable Prussia to get her hands clear of an exhausted France. Let us not come upon the enemy as the French met the Prussians. Carpet officers will not do. The old simper of the messroom, that English soldiers like to be led by gentlemen, is a sample of that class-insolence which the people have to answer—and answer sternly—unless they are prepared to see a rule of the Prussian pattern, composed of "blood and iron," put upon them—with Parliament left to give a decent show of

liberty to the conquest. Already those dangerous self-seekers who appear in the daily papers as "military authorities" are preparing the public mind for the conscription.

It was rumoured busily through the autumn that conscription was the only way the official mind saw out of the common danger; but it will be a woeful day for the English people when they deliver up the freedom of their sons to the toss of a die, to make an army ready to the ambition of that class, the counterpart of which King William and Count Bismarck represent.

The reverses which the French Mobiles encountered when they came for the first time upon a compact body of the enemy are so many lessons to us, and to other European nations. This is undeniable. The Germans quietly watched the French *levée en masse*, confident in their own hardy and tried battalions, and in their consummate generalship. Early in December a writer in the *Times* observed on this head, and with incontrovertible justice,—

"A great problem, of the utmost interest, not only in so far as it bears on the ultimate result of this war, but also on the issue of all possible wars, and on the sound economy of modern States, is, in the meanwhile, working out its solution as hostilities between the two great military nations on the Continent are daily proceeding—the problem whether a nation, however high-spirited, unanimous, and resolute, can be organized into an army able to repel a regular army already deep in the heart of the invaded country; in possession of many of its strong places—Thionville, the last French stronghold on the Moselle, and La Fere, on the Oise, with its arsenal, have just fallen; laying siege to its capital; and having on its side the most thorough training and discipline, and all that the most consummate generalship can contrive towards imparting to it compactness, activity, and efficiency."

The problem is, what can a people who must fight while they drill, do against thoroughly armed and disciplined legions of invaders? Day by day we have watched the fearful experiment in progress. Day by day we had news of more villages and towns laid under contribution; more "notes of the war" filled with sickening details of atrocities wrought by Mr. Carlyle's pious Germans on the defenceless rural population of France;

more homes ransacked; more farms destroyed; more families left naked and foodless, to meet the winter. The victory of Coulmiers having stirred afresh the lively blood of Frenchmen, the whole country rushed to arms. The Uhlans no longer found it possible to trot in pairs into a town and demand provisions, money, and lodgings. On all sides the invader was harassed and kept on the alert. Sharp-shooting is a martial diversion, to which the youth of France took with a will. If they could not worry the enemy back within his frontiers, they could make his marches difficult and dangerous. But could all this fitful, feverish, and intrepid energy, which our brave neighbours were showing under unprecedented misfortunes, prevail in the end over German drill and Teuton generalship? Would the scattered heroes mass by degrees into serried ranks; put forth new generals from their body; get welded into handy, compact armies; and, in the end, front a tired foe, and overthrow him? In short, would the French, fighting while they drilled, woo victory to their

standards at last; and drive the relentless —the dishonest—Germans back across the Rhine?

While we were watching the solution of this bloody problem last autumn, we were invited to apply the lessons it disclosed every morning somewhere on the ensanguined bosom of fair France, to ourselves. How should we meet the advance of such formidable invaders as King William of Prussia, with Moltke and Bismarck at his elbow? What account could we give of a couple of hundred thousand hardy and perfectly disciplined troops landed on our shores? Nay, how should we figure if Gortschakoff would make no amends for his insolent Circular, and would not bate one jot of his Imperial master's terms? Lord Granville had answered Russia as became an English Foreign Minister. Neither Palmerston nor Clarendon could have done more, nor better, than the politest of statesmen, and most accomplished of modern courtiers, wrought for the honour and dignity of his country—as member of a

peace-adoring and penny-wise Cabinet. But how do we stand to front a war? Could we drill while we fought? Is it safe—is it common prudence—to leave military matters among us as they stand, and as they have stood since Mr. Gladstone assumed the reins of power? Were Ministers justified in the sloth and inertness which characterized their conduct throughout the autumn in the presence of a tremendous conflict which every body saw might, at any moment, involve us in war?

In the early autumn the press drew public attention to the condition of England—left, during Ministerial holidays, without a Government. Precious weeks were lost that should have been used in making us ready for the present danger. Had those weeks been employed in vigorous precautionary measures; had Ministers, at the close of the session, shown Russia and Prussia the spectacle of England arming to hold her proper place, and to make her just influence felt; we should have been saved the exposures of our

military weakness which are now being made in every hostile journal of the Continent, and which our own journals are unfolding in order to force Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe to take that cheapest course in days like these—readiness to meet force by force.

In August the *Times* gave the Government three months to put our defences in an efficient condition. These three months are well gone, and Ministers have nothing to show in the way of preparations. As the *Saturday Review* observed, in a severe article on Ministerial remissness, even the small reinforcement of 20,000 soldiers had not (in December) been added to our army; and our navy had lost a powerful ship. Mr. Bruce—the most unfortunate, or the perversest of Ministerial speakers—endeavoured to lull the country into a sense of security by the observation that France, as a military nation, was destroyed; and, had our gallant neighbour given in, meekly obtemperating to the terms of the German, the Home Secretary's remark would have been justified, and the apathy of the

Cabinet would have been excused. But how stands the case, after the three months of Ministerial holiday-making, and at the opening of 1871? Why, France is drilling and fighting at the same time. The military genius and fire of the nation are rekindled; the Home Secretary's bitter words are treasured up against us; and, suddenly, we are shaken from our selfish slumbers by a box on the ear delivered by Prince Gortschakoff; and ominous words sent to us across the Atlantic from Washington; and rumours of diplomatic dallyings between the United States and Russia! Unprepared, we find ourselves —as the severe writer in the *Saturday Review* observes—rudely shaken "by the discovery of a possibility of war with Russia, in which France, if she could right herself, might be a valuable ally." But as she is not yet righted, we have to bear the whole brunt of the naval fight. "Instead of depending upon Germany to control France, and upon France to restrain Russia, it begins to be desirable

that we should look for safety, as we used to do, to ourselves."

Looking to ourselves, we find England face to face with the awful problem which is being worked out within a few hours' travel of London. France is opposing patriotism to discipline, as perfected in Prussia, under the blood and iron *régime* of King William and Count Bismarck. Should we go to war to-morrow, we should find our military forces—well, about in the condition they were five months ago, when the *Times* made a solemn appeal to Ministers not to lower the country by the continued spectacle of its weakness, as well as by the perpetual exhibition of their own tameness.

It is in the interest of peace, and of the arts of peace, that English writers should insist on these blunders of the past, which have worked out for the nation the difficulties of the present, and the dark cloud which hangs over the future. Our remissness has tempted Russia to dare us; Prussia to hold

us cheap; and General Grant to treat us cavalierly. Finding France firm in the grip of Prussia, and seeing us unprepared to resent an outrage, Russia has seized her opportunity. She has 900,000 troops as a peace establishment, to which we can oppose very little more than—patriotism! The writer in the *Saturday Review* does not fear to put our case in hard words:—

"If the Government really desired to make the country secure, they could easily make known their wish. An appeal to the patriotism of the volunteers could readily be made, and would be eagerly responded to. We do not say that measures of national defence will not be taken by the Government, but they will be taken slowly, grudgingly, and perhaps ineffectually. If England should become involved in war without proper preparation, she will imitate the folly, and may expect to suffer the penalty, of France. After heavy losses and bitter humiliation, guided by new leaders and dearly-bought experience, she will proceed to create for herself an efficient army. We have been lately invited, as an unmilitary nation, to take comfort from the observation that trained soldiers may be beaten, and that a people may resist after armies have been annihilated. There is, however, this difference between France and England, that Paris is fortified, whereas no provision has been made for the defence of London, nor does any provision appear

practicable except by that army of reserve which we are vaguely talking about creating."

Slow and grudging measures will not do now. The time has come when the army must be made a thoroughly efficient protecting force; and when it must undergo a root-and-branch reform, to begin with. The governing classes have done their utmost to snub the volunteers; to keep down the militia; and to hold all the great places and emoluments of the army for themselves. The consequence is a disjointed, ill-disciplined, incongruous force — wholly inadequate to oppose a successful resistance to an invader; and unprepared to meet such armies as Russia and Prussia have in the field. We want a homogeneous national army that will be cheap to maintain in peace, and irresistible in war; but this we shall never have until the cold shade of the aristocracy has been withdrawn from it—and until a national spirit has been infused into every rank of it.

More than this—we want an ally: the ally we have lost by our vacillation and coldness

in the hour of his peril. Every week of the last two months of 1870 afforded England fresh evidence of her danger from the pretensions of Prussia, and her secret arrangements with Russia, under cover of an *entente cordiale* arranged before the war broke out; and, we may rest assured, before the Hohenzollern prince was put forward for that throne which Amadeus of Italy now occupies.

We should remember the circumstances under which Russia signed the Treaty she has repudiated, and on which the London Conference has been called. She was sorely in need of peace; and we were able to impose the conditions which we deemed necessary to protect us against the risk of another costly war. But, remembering this, we are by no means bound to excuse the method she has adopted (taking advantage of the misfortunes of France most unhandsomely) to be rid of the obligations that she drew upon herself by her conduct antecedent to the Crimean War. Lord Granville could not, in his reply to Prince Gortschakoff,

excuse the Prince's original Circular. By the recent correspondence of Russia with foreign powers a wish is obvious on the part of the Czar to avoid a conflict with Turkey, Austria, Italy, and ourselves, on a basis that the public opinion of the world has emphatically condemned; and we can afford to ease the way out of the false position in which Russia had placed herself. But we were bound to be careful that no moderation of ours could possibly be interpreted as weakness or timidity; and this precaution Lord Granville observed with admirable tact and nerve.

The Foreign Secretary perceived in Prince Gortschakoff's explanations a covert retreat; and he was right. The original insolent Circular was to the effect that Russia intended to break through the Treaty of 1856 without being at the trouble of asking the consent of the Great Powers. This threatened outrage on the law of nations, which could not be permitted without reducing all treaties to waste-paper, fell to the ground when the

author of it consented to a Conference, at which all parties interested in the Treaty in question should debate the changes that time and circumstances had rendered just and imperative. Prince Gortschakoff explained that his Circular of November 20 was merely an abrogation of a theoretic principle, without immediate application. The "theoretic principle" was a criminal one, wholly insupportable among civilized communities; and this was very plainly announced to the official theorists of St. Petersburg. Whereupon the Czar's Minister explained that he had not the least intention of acting up to his principle. He was of opinion that a nation is not bound to keep her promises both to the letter and in the spirit, and that she should be at liberty to break through her liabilities when she sees an opportunity in the misfortunes of her co-partners; but he had not the slightest intention of enacting the dishonesty which he justified!

The diplomatic embroilment having assumed this phase, Lord Granville felt himself to be

the master of the situation. He helped Prince Gortschakoff out of the embarrassment in his most winning manner. The Prince had only taken an opportunity of stating the opinion Russia had formed of her rights in regard to the Treaty of 1856; and he was as anxious as England could be to have a Conference of all the interested Powers, to debate whether or no her co-signatories agreed with her, and would grant the modifications she required. It cost us nothing to take this view of the Russian Circular of the 20th ult.; and by wrapping up the whole affair in clouds of diplomatic phrases, we gave Prince Gortschakoff cover for an orderly and dignified retreat.

We have made a mighty fuss about nothing, according to the Chancellor of the Russian Empire. We have been scattering Queen's Messengers over the Continent, frightened by a danger of our own making. Russia never had the least idea of acting upon the right she claims to break her word, solemnly pledged. It was only her way—her Tartar

way—of informing the Western Powers of her high resolve to have her share of the spoil of the war between Prussia and France. The Treaty of 1856 had been an intolerable chain to the Muscovite; and the movement for throwing it off—or of loosing it—had come. France was prostrate—England was unarmed; Prussia was Russia's most devoted friend—and for good reasons. Feeling so strong, Prince Gortschakoff could not resign himself to language less forcible than that of his November Circular. But the Chancellor overdid his hectoring, and miscalculated the spirit of England. Russian papers had been saying that the English were nowhere in European politics. All the Continental press had represented us as selfishly wrapped up in our money-making, and incapable of a sacrifice or a struggle. Therefore, the Emperor of all the Russias, having the ball at his august foot, could put his desire in the form of a demand. Happily, English Ministers were roused from their autumnal retreats by Russia's form of requesting a Conference;

and Lord Granville has been backed by the whole people, as well as by the most peace-loving of his colleagues, in intimating to the Russian Chancellor that there are still men who are neither Prussian nor Muscovite; and that it is not they who love peace most who are least formidable, when the brutal arbitrament of armed force has become the only alternative left for the settlement of a dispute.

Seeing England, Austria, Turkey, and Italy quite ready to take up the gauntlet, Count Bismarck stepped in. He was surprised at the hubbub. Prince Gortschakoff had thrown no glove down; at most, he had accidentally dropped one. His intentions were of the most peaceful character. He was no bearer of a hostile message; but, on the contrary, the interpreter of the most amicable of propositions. All that was wanted was a friendly meeting. Thus we entered upon the second stage of the Eastern Question. Prussia having her hands full, and having the very strongest grounds for obliging the Emperor Alexander, proposed a Conference—to assemble in London.

The cordial and energetic co-operation of Count Bismarck is exactly the element in the affair which we should mistrust. Prussia is closely allied with Russia, on the one hand; and on the other, the Berliners do not care to disguise their hostile feeling towards England. Just now it is to Prussia's interest to keep Europe quiet. She hopes soon to have reached her bitter end in her contest with France. War against Russia—waged by four great European Powers, with the cordial approbation of the lovers of liberty all the world over—would be a terrible danger to her, both within and without. Hence her "good offices," which are purely selfish offices; for no sane man—let him be Teuton to the backbone—can attribute Bismarck's interference to his respect for the faith of treaties, or to his horror of bloodshed.

From Russia, using her opportunity, and negotiating while she arms, I will turn for a moment to America, and note how the wind blows thence at the close of 1870.

Speaking a farewell address—"John to

Jonathan"—in the Music Hall, Boston, as recently as the 11th of last October, Mr. Thomas Hughes thanked the American people for the boundless hospitality, and many chivalrous kindnesses which they had shown to him; and which, indeed, they lavish upon all the guests whom they receive within their liberal gates.

"Every where I have found," said Mr. Hughes, "when I have sounded the reason for all this kindness, that it was offered to me personally, because, to use the words of some whom I hope I may now look on as dear friends, 'We feel you are one of us.' The moment the name of my country was mentioned a shade came over the kindest faces. I cannot conceal from myself that the feeling towards England in this country is one which must be deeply painful to every Englishman."

In his address Mr. Hughes reviewed our relations with North and South throughout the great Civil War; and dwelt on that point which I urged, again and again, at the height of the struggle, viz.—the soundness and warmth of the national heart towards the North—towards the champions of right and of freedom. I besought Jonathan to think of our manufactur-

ing provinces, packed with the lean shadows of weavers—contentedly starving in the good cause. I showed that the Southern sympathies of England were confined to the aristocracy—natural haters of American Democracy—and to the money-makers who were trading on the struggle, as they would trade on any human disaster that promised a profit. Our Confederate sympathizers were held comfortably in Mr. Mason's parlour; but Exeter Hall could not contain the true people who flocked, at the first summons, to raise their honest hands to a resolution of sympathy with the Federals, who bore the Abolition of Slavery upon their holy banners. In recapitulating the incidents of our conduct during the Civil War to a Boston audience, and demonstrating anew the falsity of the general American idea that England was ever favourable to Secession; Mr. Hughes did—as President Grant's Message showed—a loyal service to the cause of peace and good will between the two great English-

speaking races, who hold the freedom of the world in their joint hands.

Does the Presidential Message of December mean peace or war? At the moment when we were at loggerheads with Russia about Turkey and the East, and the Treaty of 1856, we find the President of the United States dwelling on the inimical spirit of the Canadians; on the unsatisfactory state of the Canadian fisheries' question; and, lastly, on the "Alabama" claims. If, as Mr. Hughes observed at Boston last October, a shade comes over the kindest American face when England is mentioned; what are we to think of this message, sped to us under the Atlantic at the moment when Russia was threatening us; when Prussia was unfriendly to us, after all our adulation of her; and when the Luxemburg question had just appeared above the horizon, as a fresh danger? The policy of the President and his advisers, as indicated by the tone of his Speech, has (we cannot disguise it from ourselves) a most

unfriendly aspect. He dwells on the hostility of Canadian neighbours, and uses the capture of an American fishing schooner in the Bay of Fundy as a peg to hang something very like a menace, for all the world to see. General Grant must have had very strong reasons for the following, or it is a wanton design to embitter the feeling which Mr. Hughes has so eloquently lamented:—

"There is reason to believe that this unfriendly and vexatious treatment was designed to bear harshly on American fishermen, with a view to a political effect on this Government."

It may be asked, where the reason lies—for, if in America faces darken when England is mentioned, English faces wear a bright and most friendly expression when Jonathan comes on the scene. Designed aggressive and provocative treatment of American vessels by this country, is either a pure invention, or the most outrageous misconception. Let the reader put the foregoing sentence beside those which deal with the "Alabama" question, and in which the President an-

nounced that measures would be brought before Congress to confer power on the Executive to pay the private "Alabama" claims out of the national funds—and so make the United States Great Britain's creditor; and then measure the import of the Presidential Message.

The general ill-feeling which Mr. Hughes could not pass over, even in his farewell address; the rumours of close friendship between Russia and the United States; the recall of Mr. Motley, and the natural leaning of the immense German population of the great Republic—when weighed in the scale with General Grant's Message; suggests a Presidential policy, into the darkness of which I will not even try to penetrate. For the present, I will only echo the words in which Mr. Hughes took leave of his generous and high-minded entertainers:—

"In another six years you will have finished the first century of your national life. By that time you will have grown to fifty millions, and will have subdued and settled those vast western regions which now in the

richness of their solitudes, broken only by the panting of the engine as it passes once a day over some new prairie line, startles the traveller from the Old World. I am only echoing the thoughts and prayers of my nation in wishing you God speed in your great mission. When that centenary comes round, I hope, if I live, to see the great family of English-speaking nations girdling the earth with a circle of free and happy communities, in which the angels' message of peace on earth and good will amongst men may not be still a mockery and delusion. It rests with you to determine whether this shall be so or not. May the God of all the nations of the earth, who has so marvellously prospered you hitherto, and brought you through so great trials, guide you in your decision."

Let this stand as England's message in reply to President Grant's.

Resuming the question, President Grant observes :—

"It cannot be necessary to add that whenever her Majesty's Government shall entertain a desire for a full and friendly adjustment of these claims, the United States will enter upon their consideration with an earnest desire for a conclusion consistent with the honour and dignity of both nations."

This is disingenuous, at any rate. The desire of Great Britain for a full and friendly

adjustment is well known to President Grant and his Cabinet. Two years ago the Americans themselves laid down the principles for an agreement, and these were embodied in the memorable Clarendon-Johnson Treaty. From those principles, accepted by us, the actual Washington Cabinet appear to have departed; and at the same time to have resolved on a policy that, taken in conjunction with recent revelations of American diplomacy in St. Petersburg, has an ominous aspect. The American Government propose to buy up a series of individual grievances, and to consolidate and erect them into a national one; so that, at a given moment, what were the claims of private citizens may be used against us, with all the force of a solemn State demand. I repeat, this is an ominous line of action, when regarded in conjunction with the present disjointed condition of Europe. Our consciences, however, are clear to this extent, let what will come out of the "Alabama" question — namely, that we accepted the

terms of settlement originally framed by the Americans themselves, albeit a very strong party in England was of opinion that the American demands were excessive.

The most significant words in the last Presidential Message, however, are, beyond all question, those which indicate new relations between the United States and the European nations. The vexatious "Alabama" question apart, it is becoming plainly apparent that American statesmen are taking a livelier and a closer interest than they were wont to take, in public affairs, on this side of the Atlantic. So far as England is concerned, in fine, the last Presidential Message is decidedly unfriendly in tone. Nay, to be candid, there appears to be underlying the passage relating to us, a disposition to bully, and to take advantage of this, as the most promising possible opportunity, for bullying with good effect. The Canadian Fisheries have always been a bone of contention between John and Jonathan. And had English statesmen borne themselves with

a little more cordiality towards the Republican statesmen of America for many years past, this ugly thing would have disappeared long ago. But President Grant's direct reference to the claims of his countrymen against Great Britain, on account of the "Alabama," is provoked by facts of a recent date with which successive statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic have endeavoured, in vain, to deal. Lords Clarendon and Stanley on our part, Messrs. Reverdy Johnson and Motley on the part of the United States, have worked at the perplexing subject without being able to bring the two Governments to a mutually satisfactory understanding.

It happened, unfortunately, for England, that her aristocracy enjoyed almost a monopoly of political power during the American civil war; but the subsequent course of political events must have conclusively proved to all thoughtful American citizens, how thoroughly dissatisfied the bulk of the English people were with this monopoly. The

nation was staunch to the good cause of Emancipation, from the beginning to the end of the struggle between North and South. The Americans ought to know this fact by this time; and, therefore, to desist from demands upon us, on the score of wounded feelings or outraged honour. I believe, indeed, that the number who do know it and recognize it, is fast increasing; but General Grant's Message warns us, that there are still American statesmen ready to use what sediment of ill feeling towards us may remain in the Republic, for party purposes. So that, while we have no cordial ally left; while we have alienated the good will of Frenchmen; established the enmity of the Prussians, through our exports of material of war to France; and drawn down upon us, through the culpable pusillanimity of our statesmen, the insults of Russia; we have allowed Jonathan to make common cause with our European enemies; and to show us that, if assailed from the Continent, we shall find no mainstay in him. On no slight ground then did Mr.

M'Cullagh Torrens raise his voice, as a member of Parliament, on Christmas Eve, to ask what England was waiting for. He warned his countrymen that the circle of havoc and ruin were widening every day: and that deeper and deeper every night the hell-cup of rage and hatred was being drained.

"Were it," Mr. Torrens said, "only a death-wrestle between two great, passionate, and ambitious communities, other nations might plausibly affect, if they did not really feel, that it was not their duty to interpose. But no people of Western or Southern Europe feels any longer, or affects to feel, any such indifference. Slowly, but certainly, the people of England, Spain, Italy, Austria, the Netherlands, and the Scandinavian States have come to realise the detriment to their interests and the danger to their independency which the plunder and further prostration of France must entail. Hitherto we have stood by and looked on, some of us in sorrow, some not without shame; but in the atheistic philosophy of conquest these are but puling sentiments;

and if we are to appeal to the reason of victory, we must talk in the only dialect it can understand. That the churches of Germany and France cannot to-morrow chant the accustomed invocation of the day, gives as little concern to Bismarck as to M. Gambetta. Each is pledged never to yield to any thing but to utter and final defeat. What their dogged persistency may cost they do not count, because they say they cannot afford to calculate. But there is something which we too cannot afford; and that is the prolongation of this accursed war. For the first six weeks we were assured on the word of a King, that it was the quarrel of sovereigns and of armies. At Sedan one of the crowned combatants disappeared, and one great army passed into captivity; then a Republican Council assumed his function and his place, and the Army of the Rhine, commanded by French Marshals, continued to hold Metz. For the next six weeks we were told by our rulers that when these surrender Paris would capitulate and the war would end. How idle

these prognostics have proved the world knows too well. Paris is neither starved nor daunted; and, contrary to all the anticipations of courtier politicians and diplomatists, the peasantry and artisans of the invaded land have rallied round the flag of their country, have submitted to all the privations of incessant drill and exposure; and on a hundred sanguinary fields have taken life for life of their disciplined, full fed, and skilfully commanded foes. It is a spectacle worthy of the respect and admiration of all time, and which goes far to redeem the much calumniated French people from any just cause of reproach they may have incurred for past faults or errors. But enough, far more than enough, has been done in vindication of national honour. From the very respect we pay to the self-denial, fortitude, and heroism of France, as proved during the last two months, the free nations of Europe are entitled to protest against the struggle being continued beyond the anniversary that was to have brought peace on earth and good will towards men.

We are bound to protest, and, if need be, to interpose, not on grounds of national neighbourship alone, but on those of self-interest, as palpable as the force of gravity or the light of day."

This is a vigorous English protest—conceived in a thoroughly national spirit; and it is the crown of those changes which have been gradually making in public opinion. It is the last and hopefullest change of the wind. But the reader must follow Mr. Torrens to his conclusions:—

"In presence of two vast military monarchies bound together by complicity in past conquests and by the hope of future aggrandisement at the cost of weaker States, we owe it to ourselves as a matter of common prudence not to stand by any longer and see France undone. In plain English, we can't afford it. Already territorial treaties have been torn up and flung in our face. Our peace-at-any-price rulers are literally pelted with warnings. At the very outset of the present perilous war—perilous not merely to

France, but to free Europe—the possible dangers were pointed out of leaving Turkey, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden to the capricious mercy of their resistless neighbours. The warning was of course scoffed at by official writers and talkers in Florence, Vienna, London, and elsewhere. What have we now? Lord Palmerston's treaty of 1856 (neutralizing the Black Sea) and Lord Derby's treaty of 1867 (neutralizing Luxemburg) contemptuously flung into the fire, with tokens of reciprocal approbation on the part of the burners, who are preparing to extend their policy of partition from Poland to the Euxine and the German Ocean. France once thoroughly and irretrievably disabled, who will prevent the holders-down of Posen and Lithuania from pushing farther west and south the outposts of their permanent power? What are we waiting for? That more of the smaller States should be annexed and absorbed? What are we waiting for? That a Conference summoned by Count Bismarck to gain time for Russia to forward her armaments, and

for Prussia to complete the devastation of France, shall be coaxed into a new set of ambiguous professions of general good intention which experience proves not to be worth the paper on which they are written?"

France wholly undone; and Prussia in her present mood as the victor—where would England be? The German writers, who tell us that a powerful, resistless Germany means the peace of the world, show us the extent of our peril—and not our security. For a resistless Germany means Kaiser William, in alliance with his good brother of Russia, dictator of Europe. And, we have experience before us to teach us what he would dictate; and how he would dictate it.

As I close this book, the guns of the besiegers are booming round devoted Paris; Trochu is promised the fate of Bazaine; and, day by day, every generous Englishman is asking "What are we waiting for?"

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